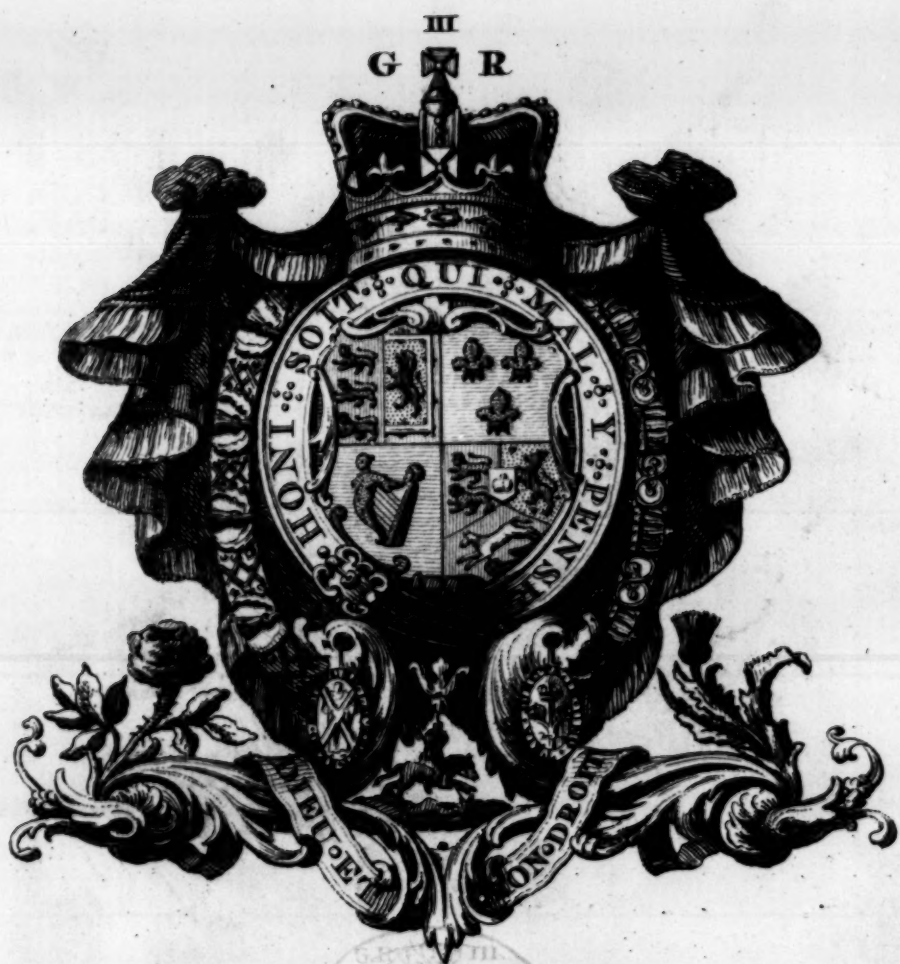








The first Part of King HENRY VI. Act. 2. Sc. 5.

7969

THE
WORKS

OF

MR *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONSISTING OF

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KING HENRY VI. Part I.

KING HENRY VI. Part II.

KING HENRY VI. Part III.

KING RICHARD III.

KING HENRY VIII.



The FIRST PART of

H E N R Y

T H E

S I X T H.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King, and Protector.

Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and great Uncle to the King.

Duke of Exeter, Brother to King Henry IV.

Duke of Somerset.

Earl of Warwick.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Suffolk.

Lord Talbot.

Young Talbot, his Son.

Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York.

Mortimer, Earl of March.

Sir John Falstaff.

Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lord Mayor of London.

Vernon, of the White Rose, or York Faction.

Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

Sir Thomas Gargrave.

Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and Titular King of Naples.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Alanson.

Bastard of Orleans.

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, Daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen to K. Henry.

Joan la Pucelle, a Maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven,

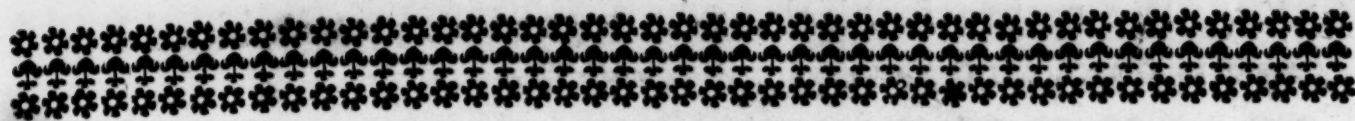
and setting up for the Championess of France.

Countess of Auvergne.

*Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants
both on the English and French.*

The SCENE is partly in England, and partly in France.

The



The FIRST PART of
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, and the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

BEDFORD.

HUNG be the heav'ns with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crisped tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto *Henry's* death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a King of so much worth.
Glou. England ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deserving to command.
His brandish'd sword did blind men with its beams;
His arms spread wider than a Dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes repleat with awful fire
More dazled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He never lifted up his hand but conquer'd.

Exe.

Exe. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:

Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorifie,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted *French*
 Conjurers and forc'ers, that afraid of him
 By magick verse have thus contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
 Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be as was his fight.
 The battels of the Lord of hosts he fought;
 The church's pray'rs made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church? where is it? had not church-men pray'd,
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd.
 None do you like but an effeminate Prince,
 Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe.

Win. *Glo'ster*, whate'er we like, thou art Protector.
 And lookest to command the Prince and realm;
 Thy wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God or religious church-men may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
 And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace:
 Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us;
 Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
 Since arms avail not now that *Henry's* dead.
 Posterity await for wretched years,
 When at their mothers moist eyes babes shall suck,
 Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
 And none but women left to wail the dead!
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;

Prosper

King HENRY VI.

7

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than *Julius Cæsar*.

SCENE II.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guienne, Champaign, and Rheims, and Orleans,
Paris, Guyfours, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead *Henry's* Coarse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glou. Is *Paris* lost, and *Orleans* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery, but want of men and mony.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain sev'ral factions;
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings:
A third man thinks, without expence at all
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *English* nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the Flower-de-luces in your arms,
Of *England's* coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth^a her flowing tides.

(a) *England's.*

Bed.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
 Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for *France*.
 Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes;
 Wounds I will lend the *French*, instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

S C E N E III.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the *English* quite,
 Except some petty towns of no import.
 The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*,
 The bastard *Orleans* with him is join'd:
Reignier Duke of *Anjou* takes his part,
 The Duke of *Alanson* flies to his side.

[*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
 O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. *Glo'ster*, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
 An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious Lords, to add to your laments
 Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry's* hearse,
 I must inform you of a dismal fight
 Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'er-thrown.
 The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 The tenth of *August* last, this dreadful Lord
 Retiring from the siege of *Orleans*,

Having

King HENRY VI.

9

Having scarce full fix thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the *French*
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluckt out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot* above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him,
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
The *French* exclaim'd, the devil was in arms,
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit,
A *Talbot! Talbot!* cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battel.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir *John Falstaff* had not play'd the coward;
He being in the rereward, (plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroak.
Hence grew the gen'ral wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a spear into the back,
Whom all *France* with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slain then? I will slay my self,
For living idly here in pomp and ease;
Whilst such a worthy leader wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O, no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*;

Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,

His crown shall be the ransom of my friend :

Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.

Farewel, my masters, to my task will I ;

Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,

To keep our great St. *George's* feast withal.

Ten thousand foldiers with me I will take,

Whose bloody deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need ; 'fore *Orleans* besieg'd

The *English* army is grown weak and faint :

The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth supply,

And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,

Since they so few watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, Lords, your oaths to *Henry* sworn :

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,

Or bring him in obedience to your yolk.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,

To go about my preparation.

[*Exit* Bedford.]

Glou. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haste I can,

To view th' artillery and ammunition,

And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King. [*Exit* Gloucester.]

Exe. To *Eltham* will I, where the young King is,

Being ordain'd his special governor,

And for his safety there I'll best devise.

[*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend :

I am left out ; for me nothing remains :

But long I will not be thus out of office :

The King from *Eltham* I intend to send,

And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Before ORLEANS in FRANCE.

Enter Dauphin, Alanfon, and Reignier, marching with a drum and Soldiers.

Dau. **M**ARS his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns
So in the earth to this day is not known.

Late did he shine upon the *English* side:

Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment but we have?

At pleasure here we lye near *Orleans*:

Tho' still the famish'd *English* like pale ghosts

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat Bull-beeves;

Either they must be dieted like mules

And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,

Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:

Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,

Nor men nor mony hath he to make war.

Dau. Sound, found alarum: we will rush on them:

Now for the honour of the forlorn *French*:

Him I forgive my death that killeth me,

When he sees me go back one foot to fly.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Here alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great loss.*

Enter Dauphin, Alanfon, and Reignier.

Dau. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?

Dogs, cowards, dastards! I would ne'er have fled,

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. *Salisbury* is a desp'rate homicide,

He fighteth as one weary of his life:

Two other Lords, like Lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alan. *Froysard* a countryman of ours records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands*^a bred,
During the time *Edward* the Third did reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Sampsons* and *Goliaths* now
It sendeth forth to skirmish; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity!

Dau. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think by some odd gimmals or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else they could ne'er hold out so as they do:
By my consent we'll e'en let them alone.

Alan. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Bastard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heav'n
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the *English* forth the bounds of *France*.
The spirit of deep prophesie she hath,

(a) Oliver and Rowland were two of the most famous Worthies in the list of the twelve Peers of Charlemagne, and their exploits are celebrated by the old Romantick Writers to that height of ridiculous extravagance, and so equally, that it is hard to say from those accounts which of the two was the most wonderful Hero: and from thence arose the old English saying of a Rowland for your Oliver to signifie, the being even with one in a tale, or the matching one extraordinary thing with another.

Exceeding the nine ^a *Sibyls* of old *Rome*:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go call her in; but first to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

SCENE VI.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

Pucel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind,
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd: there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And in a vision full of Majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd succe
In compleat glory she reveal'd her self;
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,

(a) Though the Sibyls were reckon'd more than nine, yet the books of their oracles which were brought to Rome were but nine.

That

That beauty am I blest with which you see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated.
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
 And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
 Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with fine Flow'r-de-luces on each side,
 The which at *Tourain* in *St. Catharine's* church
 Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Dau. Then come o' God's name, for I fear no woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.

Dau. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*,
 And fightest with the sword of *Debora*.

Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Dau. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
 Impatiently I burn with thy desire,
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd;
 Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be so,
 Let me thy servant and not Sovereign be,
 'Tis the *French* Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love,
 For my profession's sacred from above:
 When I have chafed all thy foes from hence,
 Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My Lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alan. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,

Else

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him since he keeps no mean?

Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My Lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans* or no?

Pucel. Why, no, I say; distrustful recreants!
Fight 'till the last gasp; for I'll be your guard.

Dau. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint *Martin's* summer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it self,
'Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With *Henry's* death the *English* circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bore at once.

Dau. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helen the mother of great *Constantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip's* daughters,^a were like thee.
Bright star of *Venus* fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee?

Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours,
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Presently try: come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I trust if she proves false.

[*Exeunt.*

(a) Meaning the four daughters of Philip, mention'd in the 21st chap. of the *Acts* of the *Apostles*, who had all the gift of prophesying: He being there also called Philip the Evangelist.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Before the Tower-Gates in LONDON.

Enter Gloucester, with his Serving-men.

Glou. I Am this day come to survey the *Tower* ;
Since *Henry's* death I fear there is conveyance.^a
Where be these warders, that they wait not here ?
Open the gates. 'Tis *Gloucester* that calls.

1 *Ward.* Who's there that knocketh so imperiously ?

1 *Man.* It is the noble Duke of *Gloucester*.

2 *Ward.* Who-e'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector ?

1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him ! so we answer him ;
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you ? or whose will stands but mine ?
There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize ;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghil grooms ?

*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower gates, and Woodvile the
Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this ? what traitors have we here ?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear ?
Open the gates, here's *Glo'ster* that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble Duke ; I may not open ;
The Cardinal of *Winchester* forbids ;
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizest him 'fore me ?
Arrogant *Winchester*, the haughty Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Sovereign ne'er could brook ?
Thou art no friend to God or to the King :
Open the gate, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

(a) By Conveyance is meant Theft, a clandestine conveyance of things away.

Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector,
We'll burst them open if you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower gates, Winchester and his
men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious *Humphry*, what means this?

Glou. ^a Peel'd Priest, dost thou command me be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'd'st to murder our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'st ^b whores indulgencies to sin;
I'll canvass thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be ^c *Damascus*, be thou cursed *Cain*,
To slay thy brother *Abel* if thou wilt. ^d

*Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the
burly-burly the Mayor of London, and his officers.*

Mayor. Fie, Lords, that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

(a) Peel'd, alluding to his shaven crown, a metaphor from a peel'd orange.

(b) The public stews were formerly under the district of the Bishop of Winchester.

(c) Damascus. N. B. About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. Maundr. Trav. p. 131.

(d) ---- if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Priest, beware thy beard,
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I'll stamp thy Cardinal's hat:
In spite of Pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. *Glo'ster*, thou'lt answer this before the Pope.

Glou. *Winchester* Goose, I cry a rope, a rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's ----

Glou. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'st little of my wrongs :
Here's *Beaufort*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diftrain'd the *Tower* to his use.

Win. Here's *Glo'ster* too, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is Protector of the realm ;
And would have armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himself King, and suppress the Prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*]

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. *All manner of men assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you in his Highness's name, to repair to your several dwelling places, and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law :
But we shall meet, and tell our minds at large.

Win. *Glo'ster*, we'll meet to thy dear cost be sure ;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away :
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable *Glo'ster*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it ere be long.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.

Off. Good God ! that Nobles should such stomachs bear !
I my self fight not once in forty year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Orleans, in France.

Enter the Master-gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.

M. Gun. **S** Irrah, thou know'st how *Orleans* is besieg'd,
And how the *English* have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Master-gunner am I of this town,
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's 'spials have informed me,
The *English* in the suburbs close intrench'd
Watch through a secret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us, with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ord'nance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
And fully ev'n these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. *[Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

SCENE IX.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the turrets, with others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

C 2

Tal.

Tal. The Earl of *Bedford* had a prisoner,
 Called the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile* ;
 For him was I exchange'd and ransomed.
 But with a baser man of arms by far,
 Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me :
 Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death,
 Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd.
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
 But O, the treach'rous *Falstaff* wounds my heart,
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 If I now had him brought into my pow'r.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
 In open market-place produc'd they me,
 To be a publick spectacle to all.
 Here, said they, is the terror of the *French*,
 The Scare-crow that affrights our children so.
 Then broke I from the officers that led me,
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 My grisly countenance made others fly,
 None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure :
 So great a fear my name amongst them spread,
 That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had ;
 They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while ;
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
 Now it is supper-time in *Orleans* :
 Here through this grate I can count every one,
 And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortifie :
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.

Sir

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your exprefs opinions,
Where is best place to make our batt'ry next?

Gar. I think at the north gate, for there stand Lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For ought I see this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[Here they shoot; Salisbury and Sir Tho. Gargrave fall down.]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath crost us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least if thou canst speak;

How far'ft thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheeks side struck off!

Accursed tow'r, accursed fatal hand

That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!

In thirteen battels Salisbury o'ercame:

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars.

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'ft thou, Salisb'ry? though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heav'n for grace.^a

Heav'n, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot, nay, look up to him.

O Salisb'ry, chear thy spirit with this comfort,

Thou shalt not die, while ---

--- He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,

As who should say, *when I am dead and gone,*

Remember to avenge me on the French.

Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,

(a) ---- to heav'n for grace.
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

Heav'n, be thou, &c.

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn :
Wretched shall *France* be only in my name.

[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heav'ns?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The Dauphin with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great pow'r to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying *Salisbury* doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.

Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you.^a

Convey brave *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what dastard *Frenchmen* dare. [*Alarum. Exit.*
[*They carry out Salisbury and Sir Tho. Gargrave.*

S C E N E X.

Here an alarum again; and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour and my force?
Our *English* troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armour chafeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,

(a) ---- a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Puffel*, *Dolphin* or *Dog-fish*,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my Horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave, &c.

And

King HENRY VI.

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And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

[*They fight.*]

Talbot, farewell, thy hour is not yet come,
I must go victual *Orleans* forthwith.

A short alarum. Then enter the town with Soldiers.

O'ertake me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men,

Help *Salisbury* to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*Exit Pucelle.*]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.

I know not where I am, nor what I do:

A witch, by fear not force, like *Hannibal*

Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:

So Bees with smoak, and Doves with noisom stench,

Are from their hives and houses driv'n away.

They call'd us for our fierceness *English* dogs,

Now like their whelps we crying run away.

[*A short alarum.*]

Hark, countrymen, either renew the fight,

Or tear the Lions out of *England's* coat;

Renounce your foil, give Sheep in Lions stead:

Sheep run not half so tim'rous from the Wolf,

Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*]

It will not be: retire into your trenches:

You all consented unto *Salisbury's* death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,

In spite of us, or ought that we could do.

(a) ---- [*They fight.*]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Pucel. *Talbot*, farewell, &c.

O would

O would I were to die with *Salisbury*!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head. [Exit Talbot.

[*Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.*

S C E N E XI.

*Enter on the wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alanfon,
and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
Rescu'd is *Orleans* from the *English* Wolves:
Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.

Dau. Divineſt creature, bright *Aſtrea*'s daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs!
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis*' gardens,^a
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophet'eſs!
Recover'd is the town of *Orleans*;
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befall our ſtate.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath giv'n us.

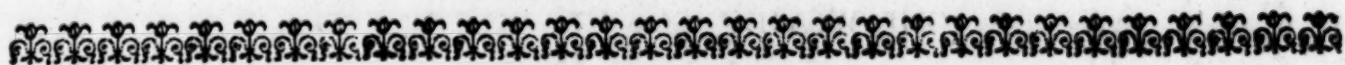
Alan. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the Priests and Friars in my realm
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſs praiſe.
A ſtatelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope*'s or *Memphis*' ever was:
In memory of her, when ſhe is dead,

(a) The gardens of Adonis were never represented under any local description, nor is any ſuch thing implied in this place. They were only beds of earth put into portable caſes of ſilver or other matter, in which were raiſed ſuch flowers and herbs as were of quick growth and ſhort continuance, the production and maturity of them being alſo haſten'd by artificial means. Upon this quickneſs of growth the alluſion here is founded: though antiently the gardens of Adonis was a proverbial expreſſion to ſignifie tranſitory fleeting pleaſures, and perſons alſo of a ſlight trifling account. See Eraſmi adagia.

Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewel'd coffer of *Darius*,
Transported shall be at high festivals,
Ever before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on St. *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* shall be *France's* Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

SERJEANT.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling ladders.
Their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach the regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy* are friends to us;
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful forcery.

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Bed.

Bed. Coward of *France*! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arms fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Pucelle* whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid? and be so martial?

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the *French*
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conqu'ring name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. I to this.

Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now, *Salisbury*! for thee, and for the right
Of *English Henry*, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Cent. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault. [Within.

[The English cry, *St. George!* *A Talbot!*

S C E N E II.

*The French leap o'er the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways,
Bastard, Alanfon, Reignier, half ready and half unready.*

Alan. How now, my Lords? what, all unready so?

Bast. Unready? I am glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alan.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this *Talbot* is a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heav'ns sure favour him.

Alan. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Dauphin and Joan.

Bast. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defensive guard.

Dau. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain;
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my pow'r alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Dau. Duke of *Alançon*, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alan. Had all our quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Dau. And for my self, most part of all this night
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels.

Then how or which way should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my Lord, no further of the case,
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather foldiers, ſcatter'd and diſperſt,
And lay new platforms to endamage them. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Within the walls of Orleans.

Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! the French fly, leaving their cloaths behind.

Sol. I'll be ſo bold to take what they have left:
The cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a ſword,
For I have loaden me with many ſpoils,
Uſing no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here found retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit. [Retreat.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this curſed town.
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his ſoul.
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at leaſt five *Frenchmen* dy'd to-night,
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within the chiefeſt temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corps ſhall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the ſack of *Orleans*,
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to *France*.
But, Lords, in all our bloody maſſacre,
I muſe we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan of Arc*,
Nor any of his falſe confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsie beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. My self, as far as I could well discern
For smoak and dusty vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my Lords! which of this Princely train
Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of *France*?

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous Lady, Countess of *Auvergne*,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great Lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lyes;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it ev'n so? nay, then I see our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comick sport,
When Ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my Lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Nay, trust me there: for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ru'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No truly, that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this Lady's courtesie.

Come hither, captain; you perceive my mind.

[*Whispers.*

Capt. I do, my Lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The Countess of Auvergne's Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. **P**orter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you've done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus'* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your Ladyship
By message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome; what? is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of *France*?
Is this the *Talbot* so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false.
I thought I should have seen some *Hercules*,
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a filly dwarf:

It

It cannot be, this weak and wrizled Shrimp
Should strike such terror in his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leifure,
I'll fort some other time to vifit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves
To know the caufe of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certifie her, *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prifoner.

Tal. Pris'ner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirfty Lord:
And for that caufe I train'd thee to my houle.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the fubftance fhall endure the like,
And I will chain thefe legs and arms of thine,
That haft by tyranny thefe many years
Wafte'd our country, flain our citizens,
And fent our fons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laugheft thou, wretch? thy mirth fhall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to fee your Ladyship fo fond,
To think that you have ought but *Talbot's* shadow
Whereon to praftife your feverity.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I fubftance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of my felf:
You are deceiv'd, my fubftance is not here;
For what you fee is but the fmalleft part
And leaft proportion of humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,

It

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently.

*Winds his horn, drums strike up, a peal of Ordnance:
Enter Soldiers.*

How say you, Madam? are you now persuaded
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair Lady, nor misconstrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only with your patience that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have,
For soldiers stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to London, in the Temple garden.

*Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk,
Vernon, and others.*

Plan. **G**reat Lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth:
And was not wrangling *Somerset* in th' error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of *Warwick*, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any pur-blind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significance proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, Lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude that he upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good maſter *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.^a

Som. Well, well, come on, who elſe?

Lawyer. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [To *Somerſet*.
In ſign whereof I pluck a white roſe too.

Plan. Now, *Somerſet*, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my ſcabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white roſe to a bloody red.^b

(a) ---- the white roſe ſide.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leſt bleeding you do paint the white roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.

Ver. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide where ſtill I am.

Som. Well, well, &c.

(b) ---- a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes,
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.

Som. No, *Plantagenet*,

Plan. Now by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, *Plantagenet*.

Plan. Proud *Pole*, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pole*;
We grace the Yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, *Somerſet*.
His grandfather was *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*,
Third ſon to the third *Edward* King of *England*:
Spring creſtleſs Yeomen from ſo deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom.

Was not thy father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For treaſon 'headed in our late King's days?

And by his treaſon ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,

Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry?

His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood,

And 'till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerſet*,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker *Pole*, and you your ſelf,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To ſcourge you for this reprehension;

Look to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.

'Tis not for fear, but anger that thy cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame to counterfeit our roſes,
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy roſe a canker, *Somerſet*?

Som. Hath not thy roſe a thorn, *Plantagenet*?

Plan. Ay, ſharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſhood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeen.

Plan. Now by this maiden ----

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes:
For these my friends in spight of thee shall wear.

Plan. And by my foul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell until I meet thee next.

[Exit.]

Som. Have with thee, *Pole*: farewell, ambitious *Richard*.

[Exit.]

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud *Somerſet* and *William Pole*,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesie; this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall fend between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.^a

(a) ---- death and deadly night.

Plan. Good maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.

Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.

Lawyer. And ſo will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.

Come, let us four to dinner; I dare ſay
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE ----

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

A Prison.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Jailors.

Mor. **K**Ind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.
 Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
 Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
 Weak shoulders over-born with burthening grief,
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
 Yet are these feet whose strengthless stay is numb,
 (Unable to support this lump of clay)
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

Keep. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come;
 We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber,
 And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.
 Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reign,
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And ev'n since then hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
 But now the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,

With

With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost!

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My Lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, friend, is he come?

Plan. I, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despis'd *Richard*, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latest gasp.
Oh, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from *York's* great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my displeasure.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerfet* and me:
Amongst which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father Earl of *Cambridge* lost his head.

Mor. This cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curst instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,

Depos'd

Depos'd his cousin *Richard*, *Edward's* son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that descent.
During whose reign the *Percies* of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that young King *Richard* thus remov'd
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother I derived am
From *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third son
To the Third *Edward*; whereas *Bolingbroke*
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroick line.
But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
After his father *Bolingbroke* did reign,
Thy father, Earl of *Cambridge*, (then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley* Duke of *York*,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was;)
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And re-instal me in the diadem:
But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my Lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet methinks my father's execution

Was

Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick:
Strong-fixed is the house of *Lancaster*,
And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As Princes from their Courts when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughter doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral.

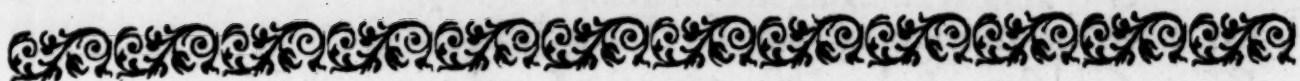
And so farewell; and fair befall thy hopes,
And prosp'rous be thy life, in peace and war!

[*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit over-past thy days.
Well I will lock his counsel in my breast,
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I my self
Will see his burial better than his life.
Here dies the dusky torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak'd with th' ambition of a meaner sort.^a
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress them.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

(a) *Being made a tool by the Percies and others to countenance their quarrels.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Parliament.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Gloucester offers to put up a bill: Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

WINCHESTER.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphry of Glo'ster, if thou canst accuse
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
No, Prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy leud, pestif'rous, and dissentious pranks,
The very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree.
And for thy treach'ry, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at *London-Bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

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The

The King thy Sovereign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Glo'ster, I do defie thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
As he will have me; how am I so poor?
How haps it then I seek not to advance
Or raise my self, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissention, who preferreth peace
More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that which hath incens'd the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the King;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good —

Glou. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glou. Am not I then Protector, sawcy Priest?

Win. And am not I a Prelate of the church?

Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unrev'rend *Glo'ster*!

Glou. Thou art reverend
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This *Rome* shall remedy.

Glou. Go thither then.

War. My Lord, it were your duty to forbear. [*To Winchester.*]

Som. I'll see the Bishop be not over-born:
Methinks my Lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his Lordship should be humbler then,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue, [*Aside.*
Lest it be said, *Speak, firrab, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with Lords?
Else would I have a fling at *Winchester*.

K. Henry. Uncles of *Glo'ster* and of *Winchester*,
The special watchmen of our *English* weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble Peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, Lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissention is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.

[*A noise within, Down with the tawny coats.*

K. Henry. What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishop's men.

[*A noise again, Stones, Stones.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. O my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the city *London*, pity us;
The Bishop's and the Duke of *Glo'ster*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter several in skirmish with bloody pates.

K. Henry. We charge you on allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep the peace:
Pray, uncle *Glo'ster*, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with
our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [*Skirmish again.*]

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 Serv. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just and upright; and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but his Majesty:

And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be disgraced by an Inkhorn-mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

[*Begin again.*]

Glou. Stay, stay,
And if you love me as you say you do,
Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

K. Henry. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My Lord Protector, yield: yield, *Winchester*;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your Sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou.

Glou. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glou. Here, *Winchester*, I offer thee my hand.

K. Henry. Fie, uncle *Beaufort*: I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet King! the Bishop hath a kindly gird:
For shame, my Lord of *Winchester*, relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of *Gloster*, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glou. Ay, but I fear me with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt our selves and all our followers:
So help me God as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Afide.*] So help me God as I intend it not!

K. Henry. Oh loving uncle, gentle Duke of *Gloster*,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters, trouble us no more,
But join in friendship as your Lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I'll see what phyfick the tavern affords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,
Which in right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glou.

Glou. Well urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*; For, sweet Prince,
 An if your Grace mark ev'ry circumstance,
 You have great reason to do *Richard* right:
 Especially for those occasions
 At *Eltham*-place I told your Majesty.

K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
 Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
 That *Richard* be restored to his blood.

War. Let *Richard* be restored to his blood,
 So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

K. Henry. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone
 But all the whole inheritance I give
 That doth belong unto the house of *York*,
 From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience
 And faithful service 'till the point of death.

K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot.
 And in requerdon of that duty done,
 I gird thee with the valiant sword of *York*.
 Rise, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
 And rise created Princely Duke of *York*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall!
 And as my duty springs, so perish they
 That grudge one thought against your Majesty!

All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York*!

Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York*! [*Afide.*]

Glou. Now will it best avail your Majesty
 To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in *France*:
 The presence of a King engenders love
 Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
 As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Henry. When *Glo'ster* says the word, King *Henry* goes;
 For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late diffention grown betwixt the Peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame.
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away;
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophesy,
Which in the time of *Henry* nam'd the Fifth
Was in the mouth of ev'ry sucking babe;
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* should win all,
And *Henry* born at *Windsor* should lose all:
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Roan in France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis'd, and four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.

Pucel. **T**Hese are the city gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And

And we be lords and rulers over *Roan*;
Therefore we'll knock.

[*Knocks.*

Watch. *Qui va la?*

Pucel. *Païsans pauvres gens de France.*

Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, *Roan*, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Reignier.

Dau. *St. Dennis* bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.

Bast. Here enter'd *Pucelle* and her partisans:
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tow'r,
Which once discern'd, shews that her meaning is
No way to that (for weakness) which she enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Pucel. Behold this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the *Talbotines*.

Bast. See, noble *Charles*, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Dau. Now shines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, *The Dauphin*, presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*An alarm, Talbot in an excursion.*

Tal. *France*, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If *Talbot* but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd being prize of *France*.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

An alarm: excursions. Bedford brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without; within Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, and Alançon on the walls.

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of *Burgundy* will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless curtezan:
I trust ere long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Dau. Your Grace must starve perhaps before that time.

Bed. Oh, let not words but deeds revenge this treason!

Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of *France* and hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardise a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with his shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot? yet, *Pucelle*, hold thy peace;
If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.

[They whisper together in counsel.]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Pucel. Belike your Lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alançon*, and the rest.
Will ye like soldiers come and fight it out?

Alan. Seignior, no.

Tal. Seignior, hang then: — base muleteers of *France*!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains, away, let's get us from the walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my Lord; we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbot's* greatest fame!
Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs sustain'd in *France*,
Either to get the town again or die.
And I as sure as *English Henry* lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayed town
Great *Cœurdelion's* heart was buried;
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: come, my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not so dishonour me:
Here I will sit before the walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now perswade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon* in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers hearts,
Because I ever found them as my self.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heav'ns keep old *Bedford* safe!
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exit.*]

An

King HENRY VI.

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An alarm : excursions : ^a Enter Sir John Falstaff, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Falstaff*, in such haste?

Fal. Whither away? to save my self by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly and leave Lord *Talbot*?

Fal. Ay,

All th' *Talbots* in the world to save my life.

[*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit.*

Retreat : excursions. Pucelle, Alançon, and Dauphin fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heav'n shall please!

For I have seen our enemies overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They that of late were daring with their scoffs,

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

SCENE VI.

An alarm : Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost and recover'd in a day again?

This is a double honour, *Burgundy*;

Yet heav'n's have glory for this victory!

Burg. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*

Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects

Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?

I think her old familiar is asleep.

Now where's the bastard's braves, and *Charles* his gleeks?

What, all a-mort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief,

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now we will take some order in the town,

(a) Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry the Fifth*, Act 2, Scene 3; the occasion whereof is, that this Play was written by Shakespear before Hen. 4. or Hen. 5. See the last lines of Hen. 5.

Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King;
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lyes.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgundy*.

Tal. But yet before we go let's not forget
The noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.

A braver soldier never couched launce,
A gentler heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, Alançon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is so recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alan. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joan* devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

France

France were no place for *Henry's* warriors;
Nor shall that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alan. For ever should they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [Drum beats afar off.
Hark, by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.

[Here beat an English march.

There goes the *Talbot* with his colours spread,
And all the troops of *English* after him. [French march.
Now in the rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[Trumpets sound a parley.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy marching.

Dau. A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy*.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy*?

Pucel. The Princely *Charles* of *France*, thy countryman.

Burg. What say'st thou, *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France*,
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes;
See, see the pining malady of *France*.
Behold the wounds, the most unnat'ral wounds,
Which thou thy self hast giv'n her woful breast.

Oh,

Oh, turn thy edged sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help :
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of common gore ;
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake ?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill ;
Who then but *English Henry* will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive ?
Call we to mind and mark but this for proof ;
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy foe ?
And was not he in *England* prisoner ?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of *Burgundy* and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return, return, thou wand'ring Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I'm vanquished. These haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country and sweet countrymen ;
And, Lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
So farewell, *Talbot*, I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done like a *Frenchman* : turn, and turn again.

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke, thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alan.

Alan. *Pucelle* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my Lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX.

P A R I S.

*Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset,
Warwick, Exeter, &c. To them, Talbot with his Soldiers.*

Tal. MY gracious Prince and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my Sovereign.
In sign whereof, this arm that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and sev'n walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem;
Let's fall the sword before your Highness' feet:
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. Henry. Is this the fam'd Lord *Talbot*, uncle *Glo'ster*,
That hath so long been resident in *France*?

Glou. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my Liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave Captain and victorious Lord!
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I was remember'd how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face:

There-

Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Vernon and Bassett.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of *York*;
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcy tongue
Against my Lord, the Duke of *Somerfet*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as *York*.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take you that. [*Strikes him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That who so draws a sword 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you,
And after meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

P A R I S.

*Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somersfet,
Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and Governor of Paris.*

G L O U C E S T E R.

L O R D Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King *Henry*, of that name the Sixth!

Glou. Now, governor of *Paris*, take your oath,

That

That you elect no other King but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state.
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

^a Enter Falstaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of *Burgundy*.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy* and thee!
I vow'd, base Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done; because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of *Poitiers*,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the *French* were almost ten to one;
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty 'squire did run away.
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men,
My self and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surpriz'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill befitting any common man;
Much more a Knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my Lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

(a) See the note on the fifth Scene of Act 3.

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in worst extreams.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most honourable order;
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom,
Be packing therefore thou that wast a Knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. [Exit Falstaff.
And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his Grace that he hath chang'd his stile?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King.* [Reading.

Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?

What's here? *I have upon especial cause,* [Reads.

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,

Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles the rightful King of France.

O monstrous treachery! can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glou. He doth, my Lord, and is become our foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my Lord, he writes.

K. Henry. Why then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.

My Lord, how say you, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Henry.

King HENRY VI.

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K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him strait :
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my Lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.

[*Exit Talbot.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.

Bas. And me, my Lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant, hear him, noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine, sweet *Henry*, favour him.

K. Henry. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here with sharp and carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble Lord;
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my Lord, I was provok'd by him,

H 2

And

And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, *Somerset*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Henry. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men!
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both of *York* and *Somerset*,
Quiet your selves and be again at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, *Somerset*.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glou. Confirm it so? confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King and us?
And you, my Lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his Highness: good my Lords, be friends.

K. Henry. Come hither you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my Lords, remember where we are,
In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within our selves we disagree,

How

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign Princes shall be certify'd,
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King *Henry's* Peers and chief Nobility
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of *France*!
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years, and let us not forego
 That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife:
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
 That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more encline to *Somerſet* than *York*:
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because, forsooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade,
 Than I am able to instruct or teach:
 And therefore as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace and love.
 Cousin of *York*, we institute your Grace
 To be our Regent in these parts of *France*:
 And good my Lord of *Somerſet*, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
 And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go chearfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Our self, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
 After some respite will return to *Calais*;
 From thence to *England*, where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that trait'rous rout.

[*Flourish.*
 [*Exeunt.*

Ma-

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

War. My Lord of *York*, I promise you the King
Most prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of *Somerſet*.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wiſ, he did. — But let it reſt;
Other affairs muſt now be managed.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou, *Richard*, to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More ranc'rous ſpight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of Nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when ſcepters are in childrens hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion:
Then comes the ruin, there begins confuſion.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

BOURDEAUX.

Enter Talbot with trumpets, and drum.

Tal. **G**O to the gates of *Bourdeaux*, trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the wall.

[*Sounds.*

Enter

Enter General aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to *Harry King of England*;
 And thus he would: open your city gates,
 Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects,
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
 But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
 Who in a moment even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving tow'rs,
 If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terrour, and their bloody scourge!
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by death:
 For I protest we are well fortify'd,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
 On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand *French* have ta'en the sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no christian soul but *English Talbot*.
 Lo! there thou stand'st a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit:
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I thy enemy dew thee withal;
 For ere the glass that now begins to run
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,

These

These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead. [*Drum afar off.*
 Hark, hark, the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy musick to thy tim'rous soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. [*Exit from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not. I hear the enemy:
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
 A little herd of *England's* tim'rous Deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
 If we be *English* Deer, be then in blood;
 Not rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather moody, mad, and desperate Stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.^a
 God and St. George, *Talbot*, and *England's* right,
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Another part of FRANCE.

*Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet
 and many Soldiers.*

York. ARE not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out
 That he is march'd to *Bordeaux* with his pow'r,
 To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
 By your espials were discovered

(a) ---- aloof at bay.
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear Deer of us, my friends.
 God and St. George, &c.

Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux*.

York. A plague upon that villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France*.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou Princely leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot*
Who now is girdled with a waſte of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim deſtruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke, to *Bourdeaux*, *York*!
Elſe farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s honour.

York. O God! that *Somerſet*, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſſ'd Lord.

York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* ſmiles: we loſe, they daily get:
All long of this vile traitor *Somerſet*.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s ſoul,
And on his ſon young *John*, whom two hours ſince
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This ſev'n years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave!

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Away!

Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sundred friends greet in the hour of death.

Lucy, farewell! no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause, I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours are won away,
Long all of *Somerſet* and his delay.

[Exit.]

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of ſedition
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs
The conqueſts of our ſcarce cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. While they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs.

[Exit.]

S C E N E V.

*Another part of FRANCE.**Enter Somerſet with his Army.*

Som. IT is too late; I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too raſhly plotted. All our gen'ral force
Might with a fall of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*
Hath fullied all his gloſs of former honour,
By this unheedful, deſp'rate, wild adventure:
York ſet him on to fight and die in ſhame,
That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you ſent?

Lucy. Hither, my Lord; from bought and ſold Lord *Talbot*.
Who ring'd about with bold adverſity,

Cries

Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerſet*,
To beat affailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And in advantage ling'ring looks for reſcue;
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of *England's* honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation.
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied ſuccours that ſhould lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Baſtard, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alanſon, *Reignier*, compaſs him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.

Som. *York* ſet him on, *York* ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as faſt upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied horſe,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lies: he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
I owe him little duty and leſs love,
And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to *England* ſhall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.

Som. Come go, I will diſpatch the horſemen ſtrait:
Within fix hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes reſcue now: he's ta'en or ſlain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Near BOURDEAUX.**Enter Talbot and his Son.*

Tal. **O** Young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
 That *Talbot's* name might be in thee reviv'd,
 When sapless age and weak unable limbs
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
 But, O malignant and ill-boarding stars!
 Now art thou come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoided danger.

Therefore, dear boy, mount on thy swiftest horse,
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight. Come dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your son?
 And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
 Dishonour not her honourable name,
 To make a bastard and a slave of me.
 The world will say he is not *Talbot's* blood,
 That basely fled when noble *Talbot* stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly:
 Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the *French* can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
 You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will swear:
 But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.

There

There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lye in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, and canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from the stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can your self your self in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon:

Come, side by side together live and die,

And soul with soul from *France* to heav'n shall fly. [Exeunt.

*Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemm'd about,
and Talbot rescues him.*

Tal. St. George, and victory! fight, foldiers, fight:

The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,

And left us to the rage of *France's* sword.

Where is *John Talbot*? pause, and take thy breath;

I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father, twice am I thy son:

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,

'Till

'Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alanson, Orleans, Burgundy,*
And from the pride of *Gallia* rescu'd thee.
The ireful Bastard *Orleans* that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered;
And interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; then in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot my brave boy ---
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John*? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battel, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with *Frenchmens* rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my life one day.
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England's* fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

Oh!

King HENRY VI.

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Oh! what advantage bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die,
And leave me to the peasant boys of *France*,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not *Talbot's* son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot's* foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate fire of *Crete*,
Thou *Icarus*! thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
Triumphant death smear'd with captivity!
Young *Talbot's* valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry Lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battel of the *French*:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus*, my blossom, in his pride!

Enter

*The First Part of**Enter John Talbot, born.**Serv.* O my dear Lord! lo where your son is born.

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'ft us here to scorn,
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two *Talbots* winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despight shall 'scape mortality.
 O thou, whose wounds become hard-favoured death,
 Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath.^a
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms,
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young *John Talbot's* grave. [Dies.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Continues near Bourdeaux.**Enter Dauphin, Alanfon, Burgundy, Bastard, and Pucelle.*

DAUPHIN.

HAD *York* and *Somerfet* brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of *Talbot's* raging brood
 Did flesh his puny sword in *Frenchmens* blood!

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid.
 But with a proud, majestic, high scorn
 He answer'd thus: *Young Talbot was not born*

(a) ---- yield thy breath.

Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:

Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.

Poor boy, he smiles, methinks, as who should say,

Had death been *French*, then death had died to-day.

Come, come, &c.

To be the pillage of a giglot wench.
So, rushing in the bowels of the *French*,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Burg. Doubtless he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhered in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones afunder,
Whose life was *England's* glory, *Gallia's* wonder.

Dau. Oh, no: forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Dau. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word:
We *English* warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Dau. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury*?
Created for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the noble order of *St. George*,
Worthy *St. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshal to our King *Henry* the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.

Pucel. Here is a filly, stately stile indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.

He that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lyes here at our feet.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *Frenchmens* only scourge,
Your kingdom's terrour and black *Nemesis*?
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of *France*.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial, as beseems their worth.

Pucel. I think this upstart is old *Talbot's* ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
For God's sake let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrifie the air.

Dau. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their ashes, Dauphin, shall be rear'd
A Phoenix that shall make all *France* afear'd.

Dau. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt:
And now to *Paris* in this conqu'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot's* slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to England.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

K. Henry. **H**Ave you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and Earl of *Armagnac*?

Glou. I have, my Lord, and their intent is this;
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of *England* and of *France*.

K. Henry. How doth your Grace affect this motion?

Glou.

Glou. Well, my good Lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on ev'ry side.

K. Henry. Ay marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my Lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near kin to *Charles*,
A man of great authority in *France*,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young:
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' ambassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their answers ev'ry one.
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exe. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verify'd
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie:
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his cap coequal with the crown.

K. Henry. My Lords ambassadors, your sev'ral suits
Have been consider'd and debated on:
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

Glou. And for the proffer of my Lord your master,

I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As liking of the Lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be *England's* Queen.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. [*Exeunt King and Train.*

Win. Stay, my Lord *Legate*, you shall first receive
The sum of mony which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your Lordship's leisure.

Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peer.

Humphry of Glo'ster, thou shalt well perceive
That nor in birth, nor for authority,
The Bishop will be over-born by thee;
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

F R A N C E.

*Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanfon, Bastard, Reignier, and
Joan la Pucelle.*

Dau. **T**HIS news, my Lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout *Parisians* do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike *French*.

Alan. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your pow'r in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us,
Else Ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant General,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Scout. The *English* army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battel presently.

Dau. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Burg. I trust the ghost of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions fear is most accurst.
Command the conquest, *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my Lords, and *France* be fortunate! [*Exe.*

Alarm: excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye familiar spirits that are cull'd
Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
Oh, hold me not with silence over long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you

In

In earnest of a further benefit:

So you do condescend to help me now. *[They hang their heads.*

No hope to have redress? my body shall

Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice

Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul; my body, soul and all,

Before that *England* give the *French* the foil. *[They depart.*

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,

That *France* must vail her lofty plumed crest,

And let her head fall into *England's* lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *[Exit.*

Excursions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand. Pucelle
is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of *France*, I think I have you fast.

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty.

A goodly prize fit for the devil's Grace!

See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,

As if, with *Circe*, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper man;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee,

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag, inchantress, hold thy tongue.

Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
Oh fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands :
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of *Naples*, whoso'er thou art.

Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as *Suffolk's* friend. [*She is going.*
Oh stay! I have no pow'r to let her pass,
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, *De la Pole*, disable not thy self :
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's fight?
Oh, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.

Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a tryal of her love?

[*Aside.*
Mar.

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside.]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour? [Aside.]

Mar. 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lyes a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?

Why, for my King: ^a

Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,

And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her father be the King of *Naples*,

Duke of *Anjou* and *Maine*, yet he is poor,

And our Nobility will scorn the match. [Aside.]

Mar. Hear ye me, Captain? are ye not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What tho' I be intrall'd, he seems a Knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [Aside.]

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the *French*,
And then I need not crave his courtesie. [Aside.]

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now. ^b [Aside.]

(a) Why, for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy, &c.

(b) ---- captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle Princess, &c.

Suf.

Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?

Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility:
For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy *England's* Royal King be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry's* Queen,
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my —

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry's* wife.

Suf. No, gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my self.
How say you, Madam, are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, Madam, at your father's castle walls,
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

S C E N E V.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the walls.

Suf. See, *Reignier*, see thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy?

I am a soldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King;

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
 And this her easie-held imprisonment
 Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?

Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
 That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant I descend,
 To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories,
 Command in *Anjou* what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in so sweet a child,
 Fit to be made companion of a King:

What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
 To be the Princely bride of such a Lord;
 Upon condition I may quietly
 Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
 Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
 My daughter shall be *Henry's*, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
 And those two counties I will undertake
 Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again in *Henry's* Royal name,
 As deputy unto that gracious King,
 Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
 Because this is in traffick of a King.

And yet methinks I could be well content
 To be mine own attorney in this case.

[*Aside.*

I'll over then to *England* with this news,
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
 So farewell, *Reignier*, set this diamond safe
 In golden palaces as it becomes.

Reig.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.

Mar. Farewel, my Lord: good wishes, praise and pray'rs
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [*She is going.*]

Suf. Farewel, sweet Madam; hark you, *Margaret*;
No princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, Madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love I send the King.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thy self — I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.

Suf. O wert thou for my self — but, *Suffolk*, stay,
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wond'rous praise,
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at *Henry's* feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. **B**Ring forth that forcerers condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, *Joan*, this kills thy father's heart outright;
Have I fought ev'ry country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death!
Ah, *Joan*, sweet daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepid miser, base ignoble wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out --- my Lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother living yet can testify
She was the first fruit of my batch'lorship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake:
Or else when thou did'st keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her, hanging is too good.

[*Exit.*

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pucel. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits.

But

But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived *Joan of Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood thus rig'rously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, *Joan*, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling sure,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to, we will have no bastards live,
Especially since *Charles* must father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his,
It was *Alanson* that enjoy'd my love.

York. ^a It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,

(a) *York.* *Alanson*! that notorious *Machiavel*!
It dies ----

But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl; I think she knows not well
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she had been liberal and free.

York. And yet forsooth she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee.
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, 'till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selves!

[*Exit guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cardinal of Winchester.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of commission from the King.
For know, my Lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a gen'ral peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aspiring *French*;
And see at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approaching, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many Peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and foldiers,
That in this quarrel have been over-thrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

(By

(By treason, falshood, and by treachery)
Our great progenitors had conquered?
Oh *Warwick, Warwick*, I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe cov'nants,
As little shall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Dauphin, Alançon, Bastard and Reignier.

Dau. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*;
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, *Winchester*; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. *Charles* and the rest! it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meer compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace;
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alan. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet in substance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Dau. 'Tis known already that I am possess
Of more than half the *Gallian* territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,

As

As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
 No, Lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
 That which I have, than coveting for more
 Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
 Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
 And now the matter grows to compromise,
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
 Of benefit proceeding from our King,
 And not of any challenge of desert,
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy

[*To the Dauphin aside.*

To cavil in the course of this contract:
 If once it be neglected, ten to one
 We shall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy
 To save your subjects from such massacre
 And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
 By our proceeding in hostility.
 And therefore take this compact of a truce,
 Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to the Dauphin.*

War. How say'st thou, *Charles*? shall our condition stand?

Dau. It shall:

Only reserv'd you claim no interest
 In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty,
 As thou art Knight, never to disobey
 Nor be rebellious to the crown of *England*:
 Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the crown of *England*.
 So now dismiss your army when you please:
 Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
 For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to England.

Enter Suffolk in conference with King Henry, Gloucester and Exeter.

K. Henry. **Y**Our wond'rous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart.
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good Lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so divine,
So full repleat with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her Lord.

K. Henry. And otherwise will *Henry* ne'er presume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That *Marg'ret* may be *England's* Royal Queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my Lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another Lady of esteem.
How shall we then dispense with the contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is *Marg'ret* more than that?
Her father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious titles he excell.

Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jerusalem*,
And of such great authority in *France*
That his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto *Charles*.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral dow'r,
While *Reignier* sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dow'r, my Lords! disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to seek a Queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for Oxen, Sheep or Horse.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, Lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom

Whom should we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
More than in woman commonly is seen,
Answer our hope in issue of a King:
For *Henry*, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolve
As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Marg'ret* shall be Queen, and none but she.

K. *Henry*. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of *Suffolk*, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping; post, my Lord, to *France*,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady *Marg'ret* do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to *England*, and be crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for 'till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me where from company
I may revolve and ruminat my grief.

Glou. Ay, grief I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the *Trojan* did:

Marg'ret shall now be Queen, and rule the King:

But I will rule both her, the King, and realm.

[*Exit.*







The second Part of King HENRY. VI. Ac.3. Sc.10.

The SECOND PART of
H E N R Y
T H E
S I X T H.
With the DEATH of the
Good DUKE HUMPHRY.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

Humphry Duke of Gloucester, *Uncle to the King.*

Cardinal Beaufort, *Bp. of Winchester, Brother to King Henry IV. natural Son to John of Gaunt.*

Duke of York, *pretending to the Crown.*

Duke of Buckingham,

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Suffolk,

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Warwick,

Lord Clifford, *of the King's Party.*

Lord Say.

Lord Scales, *Governor of the Tower.*

Sir John Stanley.

Sir Humphry Stafford.

Young Stafford, *his Brother.*

Alexander Iden, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

Young Clifford, *Son to the Lord Clifford.*

Edward Plantagenet,

Richard Plantagenet,

Vaux, *A Sea Captain, and Walter Whitmore ----- Pirates.*

Hume and Southwel ---- *2 Priests.*

Bolingbrook, *an Astrologer.*

A Spirit attending on Jordan the Witch.

Thomas Horner, *an Armorer.*

Peter, *his Man.*

Mayor of St. Albans.

Simpcox, *an Impostor.*

Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and several others ---- *Rebels.*

Margaret, *Queen to King Henry VI, secretly in Love with the Duke of Suffolk.*

Dame Eleanor, *Wife to the Duke of Gloucester.*

Mother Jordan, *a Witch employ'd by the Dutcheſs of Gloucester.*

Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Bedel, Sheriff and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very diſperſedly in ſeveral Parts of England.

The

The SECOND PART of
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal on the one side. The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham on the other.

SUFFOLK.

^b **A**S by your high imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princess *Marg'et* for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient city *Tours*,
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicil*,
The Dukes of *Orleans*, *Bretagne*, *Alanson*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of *England* and her lordly Peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen
[*Presenting the Queen to the King.*]
To your most gracious hand, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:

(a) *This and the third part were first written under the Title of The Contention of York and Lancaster: printed in 1600; but since vastly improved by the Author.*

(b) *Vide Hall's Chron. fol. 66, year 23. Init.*

The.

The happiest gift that ever Marquiss gave,
The fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. Henry. *Suffolk*, arise. Welcome, Queen *Margaret*;
I can expresse no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kisse. O Lord, that lend'st me life,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulness:
For thou hast giv'n me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of *England*, and my gracious Lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-lieft Sovereign;
Makes me the bolder to salute my King
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words yclad with wisdom's majesty,
Make me from wondring fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen *Marg'ret*, *England's* happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

[*Flourish.*]

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our Sovereign and the *French King Charles*,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glou. Reads.] Imprimis, it is agreed between the *French King Charles*, and *William de la Pole*, Marquiss of *Suffolk*, Ambassador for *Henry King of England*, that the said *Henry* shall espouse the *Lady Margaret*, daughter unto *Reignier*, King of *Naples*, *Sicilia*, and *Jerusalem*, and crown her Queen of *England*, ere the thirtieth of *May* next ensuing.

Item, That the *Dutchy of Anjou*, and the *County of Maine*, shall be released and delivered to the King her father. [Lets fall the paper.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glou. Pardon me, gracious Lord,
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of *Winchester*, I pray, read on.

Car. Item, *That the Dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. Henry. They please us well. Lord Marquiss, kneel you down;
We here create thee the first Duke of *Suffolk*,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of *York*,
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th' parts of *France*, 'till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle *Winchester*,
Gloster, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerfet*,
Salisbury and *Warwick*,
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

SCENE II.

Manent the rest.

Glou. Brave Peers of *England*, pillars of the state,
To you Duke *Humphry* must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits
To keep by policy what *Henry* got?

Have you your selves, *Somerset, Buckingham,*
 Brave *York*, and *Salisbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
 Receiv'd deep scars in *France* and *Normandy*?
 Or hath mine uncle *Beaufort*, and my self,
 With all the learned council of the realm,
 Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
 Early and late, debating to and fro,
 How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe?
 And was his Highness in his infancy
 Crowned in *Paris*, in despite of foes?
 And shall these labours and these honours die?
 Shall *Henry's* conquest, *Bedford's* vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
 O Peers of *England*, shameful is this league,
 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory,
 Rasing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd *France*,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
 This peroration with such circumstances?
 For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
 But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roast,
 Hath giv'n the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*
 Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him who dy'd for all,
 These counties were the keys of *Normandy*:
 But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
 For were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and *Maine*! my self did win them both:
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.

And

And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words? ^a

York. France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but *England's* Kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives:
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glou. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* should demand a whole fifteenth,
For cost and charges in transporting her:
She should have staid in *France*, and starv'd in *France*,
Before ----

Car. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Glou. My Lord of *Winchester*, I know your mind.
'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud Prelate; in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesy'd, *France* will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the *English* crown.
Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, Lords, let not his smoothing words

(a) ---- peaceful words?

York. For *Suffolk's* Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle:
France should &c.

Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,
 Calling him *Humphry, the good Duke of Glo'ster*,
 Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,
Jesu maintain your Royal Excellence,
 With, *God preserve the good Duke Humphry?*
 I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our Sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself?
 Cousin of *Somerſet*, join you with me,
 And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
 We'll quickly hoise Duke *Humphry* from his seat.

Car. This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay.
 I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* preſently.

[*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry's* pride
 And greatness of his place be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the Princes in the land beſide:
 If *Glo'ster* be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or *Somerſet* or I will be Protector,
 Deſpight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerſet.*

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
 While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
 I never ſaw but *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ster*
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman:
 Oft have I ſeen the haughty Cardinal
 More like a ſoldier than a man o'th' church,
 As ſtout and proud as he were lord of all,
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himſelf
 Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.

Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age!
 Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy houſe-keeping,

Have

Have won the greatest favour of the Commons,
 Excepting none but good Duke *Humphry*.
 And brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
 In bringing them to civil discipline;
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
 When thou wert Regent for our Sovereign;
 Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
 Join we together for the publick good,
 In what we can to bridle and suppress
 The pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal,
 With *Somerfet's* and *Buckingham's* ambition;
 And as we may, cherish Duke *Humphry's* deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the land
 And common profit of his country!

York. And so says *York*, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.^a

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

SCENE III.

Manet York.

York. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the *French*,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandy*
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
 The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd
 To change two Dukedoms for a Duke's fair daughter.
 I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
 And purchase friends and give to courtezans,

(a) ---- unto the main.

War. Unto the main? Oh father, *Maine* is lost,
 That *Maine*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
 And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
 Main-chance, father, you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
 Which I will win from *France*, or else be slain.

Still

Still revelling like Lords 'till all be gone:
While as the filly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is born away;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks the realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the Prince's heart of *Calydon*.

Anjou and *Maine* both given unto the *French*!
Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,
Ev'n as I have of fertile *England's* soil.
A day will come when *York* shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the *Nevills'* parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humphry*;
And when I spy advantage, claim the crown;
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, *York*, be still a while, 'till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the State;
'Till *Henry* surfeit in the joys of love,
With his new bride and *England's* dear-bought Queen,
And *Humphry* with the Peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of *York*,
To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*;
And force perforce I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.

[Exit *York*.
SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Duke of Gloucester's house.

Enter Duke Humphry, and his Wife Eleanor.

Elean. WHY droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head with *Ceres'* plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,
Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight?
What see'st thou there? King *Henry's* diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine.
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glou. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and nephew virtuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night do make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glou. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in Court,
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot;
But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund Duke of Somerset*,

And

And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolk*.

This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument

That he that breaks a stick of *Glo'ster's* grove,

Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my *Humphry*, my sweet Duke:

Methought I sat in seat of Majesty,

In the Cathedral church of *Westminster*,

And in that chair where Kings and Queens are crown'd;

Where *Henry* and *Margaret* kneel'd to me,

And on my head did set the diadem.

Glou. Nay, *Eleanor*, then must I chide outright:

Prefumptuous dame, ill-natur'd *Eleanor*,

Art thou not second woman in the realm,

And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?

Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

To tumble down thy husband and thy self

From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Elean. What, what, my Lord, are you so cholerick

With *Eleanor*, for telling but her dream?

Next time I'll keep my dreams unto my self,

And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,

You do prepare to ride unto *St. Albans*,

Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glou. I go: come, *Nell*, thou too wilt ride with us?

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Elean. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow presently.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,

While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble mind.

Were

Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smoothe my way upon their headless necks:
And being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. *Jesus* preserve your Royal Majesty!

Elean. What say'st thou? Majesty? I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Hume's* advice,
Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margery Jordan* the cunning witch,
And *Roger Bolingbrook* the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your Highness
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions:
When from *St. Albans* we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, *Hume*, take this reward, make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit Eleanor.*

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Dutchess' gold:
Marry and shall; but how now, Sir *John Hume*?
Seal up your lips, and give no words, but mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame *Eleanor* gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;
Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,

They (knowing *Eleanor's* aspiring humour)
 Have hired me to undermine the Dutchess,
 And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
 Yet am I *Suffolk's* and the Cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last,
Hume's knavery will be the Dutchess' wreck,
 And her attainture will be *Humphry's* fall:
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

The PALACE.

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorer's man being one.

1 *Pet.* MY masters, let's stand close; my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, *Jesu* blefs him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes methinks, and the Queen with him: I'll be the first sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me; I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Q. Mar. To my Lord Protector? [*Reading.*] Are your supplications to his Lordship? let me see them; what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your Grace, against *John Goodman*,
 my

my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that's some wrong indeed. What's yours? what's here? [*Reads.*] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the Commons of Melford.* How now, Sir Knave?

2 Pet. Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

3 Pet. *Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.*

Q. Mar. What! did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

3 Pet. That my mistress was? no, forsooth; my master said that he was; and that the King was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? — Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant, presently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King. [*Exit Servant.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected Under the wings of our Protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the supplications.*]
Away, base cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Q. Mar. My Lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise?
Is this the fashion in the Court of *England*?
Is this the government of *Britain's* Isle?
And this the royalty of *Albion's* King?
What, shall King *Henry* be a pupil still,
Under the surly *Glo'ster's* governance?
Am I a Queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a Duke?
I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies hearts of *France*;
I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave Marias* on his beads;

His champions are the prophets and apostles,
 His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
 I would the college of the Cardinals
 Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
 And set the triple crown upon his head!
 That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
 Your Highness came to *England*, so will I
 In *England* work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the proud Protector, have we *Beaufort*
 Th' imperious churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
 And grumbling *York*; and not the least of these
 But can do more in *England* than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
 Cannot do more in *England* than the *Nevills*;
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these Lords do vex me half so much,
 As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife:
 She sweeps it through the Court with troops of Ladies,
 More like an Empress than Duke *Humphry's* wife.
 Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen;
 She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
 Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 'Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his Daughter.

Suf. Madam, my self have lim'd a bush for her,
 And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 That she will light to listen to their lays
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So let her rest; and, Madam, list to me,

For

For I am bold to counsel you in this;
 Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him and with the Lords,
 'Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in disgrace.
 As for the Duke of *York*, this late complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit.
 So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
 And you your self shall steer the happy helm.

SCENE VI.

To them enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Cardinal, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutchess.

K. Henry. For my part, noble Lords, I care not which,
 Or *Somerset*, or *York*, all's one to me.

York. If *York* have ill demean'd himself in *France*,
 Then let him be deny'd the Regentship.

Som. If *Somerset* be unworthy of the place,
 Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
 Dispute not that; *York* is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, *Warwick*.

War. *Warwick* may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son; and shew some reason, *Buckingham*,
 Why *Somerset* should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the King forsooth will have it so.

Glou. Madam, the King is old enough himself
 To give his censure: these are no woman's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
 To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glou. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,
 And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
 Since thou wert King, (as who is King but thou?)

The

The common-wealth hath daily run to wreck.
 The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
 And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realm
 Have been as bond-men to thy sov'reignty.

Car. The Commons hast thou rack'd, the Clergy's bags
 Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
 Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
 Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
 And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in *France*,
 If they were known, as the suspect is great,
 Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. [*Exit Glou.*
 Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?

[*She gives the Dutcheſs a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*:
 Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
 I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Elean. Against her will, good King? look to't in time,
 She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
 Though in this place most Master wears no breeches,
 She shall not strike dame *Eleanor* unrevenge'd. [*Exit Eleanor.*

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow *Eleanor*,
 And listen after *Humphry*, how he proceeds:
 She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs,
 She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [*Exit Buckingham.*

S C E N E VII.

Re-enter Duke Humphry.

Glou. Now, Lords, my choler being over-blown
 With walking once about the Quadrangle,
 I come to talk of common-wealth affairs.

As

As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the law.
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my King and Country!
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Sovereign, *York* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason of no little force,
That *York* is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of *Somerset* will keep me here
Without discharge, mony, or furniture,
'Till *France* be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
'Till *Paris* was besieg'd, famish'd and lost.

War. That I can witness, and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong *Warwick*!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner the Armorer, and his Man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason.
Pray God the Duke of *York* excuse himself.

York. Doth any one accuse *York* for a traitor?

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, *Suffolk*? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these; *that Richard Duke of York*
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your Majesty was an usurper.

K. Henry. Say, man, were these thy words?

Arm. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any
such matter; God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.
Peter.

Peter. By these ten bones, my Lord, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scow'ring my Lord of *York's* armour.

York. Base dunghil villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:
I do beseech your royal Majesty,
Let him have al the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glou. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let *Somerfet* be Regent o'er the *French*,
Because in *York* this breeds suspicion.
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, an this Duke *Humphry's* doom.

K. Henry. Then be it so: my Lord of *Somerfet*,
We make your Grace Regent over the *French*.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pity my case; the spight of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, *Somerfet*, we'll see thee sent away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

A Room prepared for the pretended Incantments.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. **C**OME, my masters; the Dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promiſes.

Boling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyſhip behold and hear our exorcifms?

Hume. Ay, what elſe? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible ſpirit; but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſie below; and ſo I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother *Jordan*, be proſtrate and grovel on the earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor above.

Elean. Well ſaid, my maſters, and welcome to all! to this geer, the ſooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good Lady, wizards know their times: Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,
The time of night when *Troy* was ſet on fire,
The time when ſcreech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
When ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves;
That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, fit you and fear not; whom we raiſe
We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies and make the circle; Bolingbrook or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. *Adſum.*

M. Jord. *Aſmuth*, by the eternal God, whoſe name
And power thou trembleſt at, tell what I aſk;
For 'till thou ſpeak, thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.

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P

Spirit.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt. — That I had said, and done!

Boling. First, of the King: What shall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall depose:
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks they write the answer.*]

Boling. Tell me what fates await the Duke of *Suffolk*?

Spirit. By water shall he die and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of *Somerſet*?

Spirit. Let him shun castles.

Safer shall he be on the plains,
Than where a castle mounted stands.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid! [*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*]

*Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham, with
their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash:
Beldame, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, Madam, are you there? the King and Realm
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to *England's* King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'ſt where is no cause.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all: What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,
And kept apart. You, Madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.

We'll see your Trinkets here forth-coming all.

[*Exeunt Guard with Jordan, Southwel, &c.*]

(a) ----- Southwel, &c.

York. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks you watch'd her well;
A pretty plot, well chose to build upon.
Now, pray, my Lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?

*The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.*

Why, this is just, *Aio te Æacidem Romanos vincere posse.*

[*Reads.*]

Well,

The King is now in progress tow'ards St *Albans*,
With him the husband of this lovely Lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of *York*,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. My Lord, at your good pleasure. Who's within there?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

At St. Albans.

*Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Protector, Cardinal, and
Suffolk, with Faulconers hallowing.*

Q. MARGARET.

Believe me, Lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw no better sport these seven years day;
Yet by your leave, the wind was very high,
And ten to one old *Joan* had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk*?

By water shall he die and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?

Let him shun castles.

Safer shall he be on the plains,

Than where a castle mounted stands.

Come, come, my Lords,

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The King is now &c.

This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary after what the spectators have heard in the Scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first editions of this Play.

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.

Glou. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, he'd be above the clouds.

Glou. Ay, my Lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to heav'n?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Bent on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smoothe'st it so with King and common-weal!

Glou. What, Card'nal! is your priesthood grown so peremptory?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.

Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a Peer.

Glou. As who, my Lord?

Suf. Why, as yourself, my Lord,
An't like your lordly Lord Protectorship.

Glou. Why, *Suffolk, England* knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, *Glo'ster*.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, peace, good Queen;
And whet not on these too too furious Peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my sword!

Glou. 'Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glou. Make up no factious numbers for that matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: and if thou
dar'st,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

K. Henry.

[*Aside.*]

K. Henry. How now, my Lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Glo'ster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport ---- Come with thy two-hand sword.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*

Glou. True, uncle.

Car. Are ye advis'd? ---- The east side of the grove.

Glou. Cardinal, I am with you.

[*Aside.*

K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Glo'ster?

Glou. Talking of hawking, nothing else, my Lord. ----
Now by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail.

[*Aside.*

Car. [*Aside.*] Protector, see to't well, protect your self.

K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs, Lords.
How irksome is this musick to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my Lords, let me compound this strife.

SCENE II.

Enter One crying, A miracle!

Glou. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle do'st thou proclaim?

One. A miracle, a miracle!

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight,
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his brethren, bearing Simpcox
between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
Before your Highness to present the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

Though

Though by his fight his fin be multiply'd.

Glou. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the King,
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we, for thee, may glorifie the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your Worship.

Glou. Had'st thou been his mother, thou couldst have better
told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At *Berwick* in the north, an't like your Grace.

K. Henry. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day or night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows of pure devotion, being call'd
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,
By good Saint *Alban*; who said, *Simpcox, come,
Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
My self have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall from off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glou. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glou. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glou. Mafs, thou lov'st plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glou. A subtle knave, but yet it shall not serve:
Let's see thine eyes, wink now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet, thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, clear as day, I thank God and St. *Alban*.

Glou. Say'st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master, red as blood.

Glou. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet he did never see.

Glou. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Glou. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glou. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glou. Nor his?

Simp. No indeed, master.

Glou. What's thine own name?

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, an if it please you, master.

Glou. Then, *Saunder*, sit thou there, the lying'st knave
In christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus
To know the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours: true, but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.

My Lords, St. *Alban* here hath done a miracle:

Would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glou. My masters of St. *Albans*,
Have you not bedels in your town,
And things call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Glou.

Glou. Then fend for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the bedel hither straight. [*Exit. Mess.*]

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither. Now, Sirrah, if you mean to save your self from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Bedel with whips.

Glou. Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah bedel, whip him 'till he leap over that same stool.

Bed. I will, my Lord. Come on, Sirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Bedel hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow, and cry, A miracle!*]

K. Henry. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long!

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glou. Let them be whipt through every market town, 'till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit Bedel with the Woman.*]

Car. Duke *Humphry* hath done a miracle to day.

Suf. True, made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glou. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my Lord, whole towns to fly.

S C E N E III.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's wife,

(The

(The ring-leader and head of all this rout)
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground;
Demanding of King *Henry's* life and death,
And other of your Highness' privy-council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth coming, yet at *London*.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge.
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Afide to Gloucester.*

Glou. Ambitious church-man, leave t' afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads!

Q. Mar. Glo'ster, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thy self be faultless, thou wert best.

Glou. Madam, for me, to heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and common-weal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile Nobility;
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd *Glo'ster's* honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night we will repose us here;
To-morrow toward *London* back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;

And poise the cause in Justice' equal scales,
 Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
 [Flourish. Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. **N**OW, my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
 Our simple supper ended, give me leave
 In this close walk to satisfy my self
 In craving your opinion of my title,
 Which is infallible to *England's* crown.

Sal. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet *York*, begin; and if thy claim be good,
 The *Nevills* are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my Lords, had seven sons:
 The first, *Edward* the black Prince, Prince of *Wales*;
 The second, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence*; next to whom
 Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster*;
 The fifth was *Edmund Langley* Duke of *York*;
 The sixth was *Thomas Woodstock* Duke of *Gloster*;
William of *Windsor* was the seventh and last.
Edward the black Prince dy'd before his father,
 And left behind him *Richard*, his only son,
 Who, after *Edward* the Third's death, reign'd King,
 'Till *Henry Bolingbroke* Duke of *Lancaster*,
 The eldest son and heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,
 Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth,
 Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful King,
 Sent his poor Queen to *France* from whence she came,
 And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,

Harm-

Harmless King *Richard* trait'rously was murther'd.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the very truth ;
Thus got the house of *Lancaster* the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right :
For *Richard* the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But *William* of *Hatfield* dy'd without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of *Clarence*, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue *Philippe*, a daughter,
Who married *Edmund Mortimer* Earl of *March*.

Edmund had issue, *Roger* Earl of *March* :

Roger had issue, *Edmund*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*.

Sal. This *Edmund*, in the reign of *Bolingbroke*,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
And, but for *Owen Glendower*, had been King ;
Who kept him in captivity, 'till he dy'd.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, *Anne*,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was the son of *Edmund Langley*,
Edward the Third's fifth son's son, and by her
I claim the kingdom, for she then was heir
To *Roger* Earl of *March*, who was the son
Of *Edmund Mortimer*, who married *Philippe*,
Sole daughter unto *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this ?
Henry doth claim the crown from *John* of *Gaunt*,
The fourth son ; *York* here claims it from the third.
'Till *Lionel*'s issue fail, his should not reign ;
It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the first,

That shall salute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our Sovereign *Richard, England's King!*

York. We thank you, Lords: but I am not your King
'Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of *Lancaster*:

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,

But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you, as I do, in these dang'rous days,

Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk's* insolence,

At *Beaufort's* pride, at *Somerset's* ambition,

At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them,

'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,

That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*:

'Tis that they seek; and they in seeking that

Shall find their deaths, if *York* can prophesie.

Sal. My Lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*
Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.

York. And, *Nevil*, this I do assure my self:

Richard shall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*

The greatest man in *England* but the King.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room of State.

*Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret and state,
the Dutchess, Mother Jordan, Southwel, Hume and Boling-
brook, with Guard.*

K. Henry. **S**Tand forth, dame *Eleanor Cobham*, *Glo'ster's* wife,
In fight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins,
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution;

The

The witch in *Smithfield* shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir *John Stanley* in the *Isle of Man*.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glou. The law thou seest hath judg'd thee, *Eleanor*,
I cannot justifie whom law condemns.

[*Ex. Eleanor and the others guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, *Humphry*! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.

'Beseech your Majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay, *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster*; ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; *Henry* will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, *Humphry*, no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a King of years
Should be to be protected like a child:

God and King *Henry* govern *England's* realm:

Give up your staff, Sir, and to th' King his realm.

Glou. My staff? here, noble *Henry*, is my staff:

As willingly do I the same resign,

As e'er thy father *Henry* made it mine;

And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,

As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewel, good King; when I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[*Exit Gloucester.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is *Henry* King, and *Marg'ret* Queen.

And *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ster* scarce himself,

That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;

His

His Lady banish'd, and a limb lopt off:
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in *Henry's* hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays,
Thus *Eleanor's* pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my Lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. A' God's name see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God guard the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The servant of the armourer, my Lords.

S C E N E VI.

Enter at one door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sand-bag fastned to it;^a and at the other door his Man, with a drum and a sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come i'faith, and I'll pledge you all, and a fig for *Peter*.

1 *Pren.* Here, *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

(a) According to the old laws of Duels this was the manner of fighting appointed for inferior people, as those of a higher degree used the sword and lance.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy master ; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all ; drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, *Robin*, if I die, I give thee my apron ; and, *Will*, thou shalt have my hammer ; and here, *Tom*, take all the mony that I have. O Lord bless me I pray God ! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much to fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name ?

Peter. *Peter*, forsooth.

Sal. *Peter* ? what more ?

Peter. *Thump*.

Sal. *Thump* ? Then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and my self an honest man : and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King nor the Queen, and therefore, *Peter*, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Dispatch : this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets, Alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

Arm. Hold, *Peter*, hold ; I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*]

York. Take away his weapon : fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence ?
O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in the right.

K. Henry. Go, and take hence that traitor from our fight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

*The Street.**Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.*

Glou. **T**HUS sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
 And after summer evermore succeeds
 The barren winter with his nipping cold;
 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
 Sirs, what's a clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
 To watch the coming of my punish'd Dutchess:
 Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
 Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
 The abject people gazing on thy face,
 With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
 When thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets.
 But soft! I think she comes, and I'll prepare
 My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutchess in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with a Sheriff and Officers, and Sir John Stanley.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glou. No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
 Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze,
 See how the giddy multitude do point,
 And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
 Ah, *Glo'ster*, hide thee from their hateful looks,
 And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
 And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glou.

Glou. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this grief.

Elean. Ah, *Glo'ster*, teach me to forget my self:

For whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this land;
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, *Humphry*, can I bear this shameful yolk?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the fun?
No: dark shall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke *Humphry's* wife,
And he a Prince and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
That he stood by, whilst I his forlorn Dutches
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle, rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing, 'till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.

For *Suffolk*, (he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all)
And *York*, and impious *Beaufort* that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou how thou can'st they'll tangle thee:
But fear thou not until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor ever seek prevention of thy foes.

Glou. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimest all awry.
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scathe,
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
 Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
 But I in danger for the breach of law.
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
 I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience,
 This few-days-wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's Parliament holden at *Bury*, the first of this next month.

Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
 This is close dealing. Well, I will be there; [*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave: and, master Sheriff,
 Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays:
 And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,
 To take her with him to the *Isle of Man*.

Glou. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glou. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
 You use her well; the world may laugh again,
 And I may live to do you kindness, if
 You do it her: and so, Sir *John*, farewell.

Elean. What gone, my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
 For none abides with me: my joy is death;
 Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
 Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

Stanley, I pr'ythee go and take me hence,
 I care not whither, for I beg no favour;
 Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the *Isle of Man*,

There

There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully ?

Stan. No ; like a Dutcheſs, and Duke *Humpbry's* Lady,
According to that ſtate you ſhall be us'd.

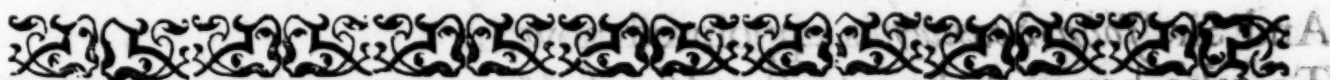
Elean. Sheriff, fare well, and better than I fare,
Although thou haſt been conduct of my ſhame.

Sher. It is my office, Madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is diſcharg'd.
Come, *Stanley*, ſhall we go ?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this ſheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my ſheet :
No, it will hang upon my richeſt robes,
And ſhew itſelf, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to ſee my priſon. *[Exeunt]*



A C T III. S C E N E I.

St. Edmund's Bury.

*Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal, Suffolk, York,
Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick, to the Parliament.*

K. HENRY.

I Muſe my Lord of *Glo'ſter* is not come :
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not ſee ? or will you not obſerve
The ſtrangenefs of his alter'd countenance ?
With what a majeſty he bears himſelf,
How insolent of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himſelf !
We know the time ſince he was mild and affable,

And if we did but glance a far-off look,
 Immediately he was upon his knee,
 That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
 But meet him now, and be it in the morn
 When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
 He knits his brow and shews an angry eye,
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
 But great men tremble when the Lion roars,
 And *Humphry* is no little man in *England*.
 First note, that he is near you in descent,
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
 (Respecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease)
 That he should come about your Royal person,
 Or be admitted to your Highness' council.
 By flatt'ry hath he won the Commons hearts:
 And when he'll please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
 And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care I bear unto my Lord
 Makes me collect these dangers in the Duke.
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
 My Lords of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
 Reprove my allegation if you can,
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke.
 And had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think I should have told your Grace's tale.
 The Dutchess, by his subornation,

Upon

Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet the repeating of his high descent
 As next the King he was successive heir,
 And such high vaunts of his Nobility,
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Dutchess,
 By wicked means to frame our Sov'reign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
 The Fox barks not when he would steal the Lamb.
 No, no, my Sov'reign, *Glo'ster* is a man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
 Levy great sums of mony through the Realm
 For soldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it?
 By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
 Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphry*.

K. Henry. My Lords, at once; the care you have of us,
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
 Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
 Our kinsman *Glo'ster* is as innocent
 From meaning treason to our Royal person,
 As is the sucking Lamb or harmless Dove:
 The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
 To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond affiance?
 Seems he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd;
 For he's disposed as the hateful Raven.
 Is he a Lamb? his skin is surely lent him;
 For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous Wolf.
 Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
 Take heed, my Lord; the welfare of us all
 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign!

K. Henry. Welcome, Lord *Somerſet*; what news from *France*?

Som. That all our int'reſt in thoſe territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt.

K. Henry. Cold news, Lord *Somerſet*; but God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,
As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*.
Thus are my bloſſoms blaſted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or ſell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aſide.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glou. All happineſs unto my Lord the King!
Pardon, my Liege, that I have ſtaid ſo long.

Suf. Nay, *Gloſter*, know that thou art come too ſoon,
Unleſs thou wert more loyal than thou art;
I do arreſt thee of high treaſon here.

Glou. Well, *Suffolk*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for this arreſt;
A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt ſpring is not ſo free from mud,
As I am clear from treaſon to my Sovereign.
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribes of *France*,
And being Protector, ſtaid the ſoldiers pay,
By means whereof his Highneſs hath loſt *France*.

Glou. Is it but thought ſo? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from *France*.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in ſtudying good for *England*.

That

That doit that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my tryal day!
No; many a pound of my own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy Commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your Protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:

Unless it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murther indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your self.
I do arrest you in his Highness' name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of tryal.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear your self from all suspicion;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah, gracious Lord! these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chac'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your Highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life:

And

And if my death might make this island happy,
 And prove the period of their tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness.
 But mine is made the prologue to their play :
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 And *Suffolk's* cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
 Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue
 The envious load that lyes upon his heart :
 And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
 Whose over-weening arm 'I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse doth level at my life.

And you, my sovereign Lady, with the rest,
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
 And with your best endeavours have stirr'd up
 My liefeft Liege to be mine enemy :
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
 (My self had notice of your conventicles)
 And all to make away my guiltless life.
 I shall not want false witnesses to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
 The ancient proverb will be well effected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
 If those that care to keep your Royal person
 From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage,
 Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
 And the offender granted scope of speech,
 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign Lady here
 With ignominious words, though clarkly coucht ?
 As if she had suborned some to swear
 False allegations, to o'er-throw his state.

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glou. Far truer spoke than meant ; I lose indeed ;

Beshrew

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glou. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my fear were false, ah that it were!
For, good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

S C E N E III.

K. Henry. My Lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if our self were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, *Margaret*; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes;
My body round engirt with misery:
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle *Humphry*, in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty:
And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith;
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life,
That never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong?
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strives,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so remorseless have they born him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;

Even so my self bewail good *Glo'ster's* case
 With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
 Look after him, and cannot do him good:
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.

His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan

Say, *who's a traitor?* *Glo'ster* *he is none.* [Exit.

Q. Mar. See, Lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams;

Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity: *Glo'ster's* shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers:
 Or as the snake roll'd in a flow'ry bank,
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
 (And yet herein I judge my own wit good)
 This *Glo'ster* should be quickly rid the world,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy,
 But yet we want a colour for his death:
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But in my mind, that were no policy:
 The King will labour still to save his life,
 The Commons haply rise to save his life;
 And yet we have but trivial argument,
 More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, *York*, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death.
 But, my Lord Cardinal, and my Lord of *Suffolk*,
 Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
 Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
 As place Duke *Humphry* for the King's Protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness then

To

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
 Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.
 No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
 As *Humphry's* prov'd by reasons to my Liege;
 And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:
 Be it by ginns, by snares, by subtilty,
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
 For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preserve my Sovereign from his foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
 Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
 Say you consent and censure well the deed,
 And I'll provide his executioner,
 I tender so the safety of my Liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have spoken it,
 It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,
 To signifie that rebels there are up,
 And put the *Englishmen* unto the sword:

Send succours, Lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable ;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop !
What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That *Somerſet* be ſent a Regent thither :
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd :
Witness the fortune he hath had in *France*.

Som. If *York*, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the Regent there inſtead of me,
He never would have ſtaid in *France* ſo long.

York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done :
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, 'till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſcar character'd on thy ſkin :
Mens fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, doth ſeldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :
No more, good *York* ; ſweet *Somerſet*, be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *York*, haſt thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.

York. What, worſe than nought ? nay, then a ſhame take all !

Som. And in the number, thee that wiſheſt ſhame !

Car. My Lord of *York*, try what your fortune is ;
Th' uncivil kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of *Engliſhmen*.
To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county ſome,
And try your hap againſt the *Iriſhmen* ?

York. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his conſent,
And what we do eſtabliſh he confirms ;
Then, noble *York*, take thou this taſk in hand.

York. I am content : provide me ſoldiers, Lords,
Whiſt I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf.

Suf. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke *Humphry*.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off: the day is almost spent:
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days
At *Bristol* I expect my foldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for *Ireland*.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of *York*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Manet York.

York. Now, *York*, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart!
Faster than spring-time show'rs, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busie than the lab'ring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, Nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved Snake,
Who cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whilst I in *Ireland* nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in *England* some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heav'n or hell.
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
And for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong *Kentish* man,
John Cade of *Asbford*,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fight so long, 'till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And giv'n me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that *John Mortimer* which is now dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
By this I shall perceive the Commons mind,
How they affect the house and claim of *York*.
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say, I mov'd him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from *Ireland* come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For *Humphry* being dead, as he shall be,
And *Henry* put a-part, the next for me.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The Palace.

Enter two or three running over the stage, from the murther of Duke Humphry.

1. **R**UN to my Lord of *Suffolk*; let him know
We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh that it were to do! what have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suf. Now, Sirs, have you dispatch'd
This thing?

1. Ay, my good Lord, 'tis done, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go get you to my house,
I will reward you for this vent'rous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1. Yes, my good Lord.

Suf. Away, be gone.

[Exeunt Murtherers.]

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal, Somerset, with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go call our Uncle to our presence strait:
Say we intend to try his Grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble Lord. *[Exit.]*

K. Henry. Lords, take your places; and I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle *Glo'ster*,
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,

That

That faultless may condemn a Nobleman!

Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Henry. I thank thee: well, these words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk*?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord, *Glo'ster* is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word. [*King swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my Lord? help, Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! oh *Henry*, ope thine eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again; Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heav'nly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign, gracious *Henry*, comfort!

K. Henry. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Glo'ster's* dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?

Al-

Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most christian-like laments his death.
As for my self, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away,
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be filled with reproach:
This get I by his death: ah me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for *Glo'ster*, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is!
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in *Glo'ster's* tomb?
Why then dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statue, and do worship to it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the sea,
And twice by adverse winds from *England's* bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winds
Did seem to say, *seek not a scorpion's nest,*
Nor set thy footing on this unkind shoar.
What did I then, but curse the gentle gusts,
And him that loos'd them from their brazen caves,
And bid them blow towards *England's* blessed shoar,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet *Æolus* would not be a murtherer,

He left that hateful office unto thee.
 The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy Palace perish *Margaret*.
 As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shoar the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of the land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,
 (A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)
 And threw it tow'rds thy land; the sea receiv'd it,
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart.
 And ev'n with this I lost fair *England's* view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of *Albion's* wished coast.
 How often have I tempted *Suffolk's* tongue
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 To fit and witch me, as *Ascanius* did,
 When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy*!
 Am I not witcht like her? art thou not false like him?
 Ah me, I can no more: die, *Margaret*!
 For *Henry* weeps that thou didst live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
 That good Duke *Humphry* traiterously is murder'd
 By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beaufort's* means:
 The Commons, like an angry hive of bees

(a) ----- office unto thee.
 The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shoar
 With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
 The splitting rocks &c.

That

That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not whom they sting in their revenge.
My self have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not *Henry*:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corps,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my Liege: stay, *Salisbury*,
With the rude multitude, 'till I return. [Warwick goes in.]

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on *Humphry's* life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears:
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies.

[Bed with Gloucester's body put forth.]
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life is death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him,
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord *Warwick* for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.

Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost
 Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and blood-left,
 Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
 Who in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But see, his face is black and full of blood,
 His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
 Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man;
 His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
 Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking;
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd:
 It cannot be but he was murther'd here:
 The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, *Warwick*, who should do the Duke to death?
 My self and *Beaufort* had him in protection,
 And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you had vow'd Duke *Humphry's* death,
 And you forsooth had the good Duke to keep:
 'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
 And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you belike suspect these Noblemen,
 As guilty of Duke *Humphry's* timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
 But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, *Suffolk*? where's the knife?
 Is *Beaufort* term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf.

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a 'vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his ranc'rous heart,
That flanders me with murther's crimson badge.
Say if thou dar'st, proud Lord of *Warwickshire*,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry's* death.

War. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with rev'rence may I say;
For ev'ry word you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl; and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevills'* noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thy self wast born in bastardy:
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away! ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke *Humphry's* ghost.

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*
SCENE

S C E N E VII.

K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [A noise within.

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, Lords? your wrathful weapons
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold? [drawn
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick* with the men of *Bury*
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart, the King shall know your mind.
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord *Suffolk* strait be put to death,
Or banished fair *England's* territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humphry* dy'd;
They say, in him they fear your Highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
(Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strange edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue
That sily glided tow'ards your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;

Left

Left being suffer'd in that harmless slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false *Suffolk* is;
With whose invenomed and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of *Salisbury*.

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their Sovereign:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd;
To shew how quaint an orator you are.
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or we will all break in.

K. Henry. Go, *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure my thoughts do hourly prophesie
Mischance unto my state by *Suffolk's* means.
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far-unworthy Deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*!

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable:
If after three days space thou here be'st found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,

The

The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
 Come, *Warwick*, come, good *Warwick*, go with me;
 I have great matters to impart to thee. [*Ex. King, Warwick, &c.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Manent Queen and Suffolk.

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
 Heart's discontent and four affliction
 Be play-fellows to keep you company!
 There's two of you, the devil make a third,
 And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
 And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them; wherefore should I curse them?
 Would curses kill as doth the mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as bitter searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
 Mine hair be fixt on end like one distract:
 Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
 And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste,
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees,
 Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks,
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards stings,
 Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss,
 And boading screech-owls make the consort full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell ----

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'st thy self,
And these dread curses like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thy self.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain-top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me intreat thee cease; give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments!
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think on these lips by the seal,
Through which a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by:
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished my self:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone ——
Oh, go not yet —— Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die:
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art, there is the world it self,
With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more ——— Live thou to joy thy life!
My self no joy in ought but that thou liv'st.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes *Vaux* so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
That Cardinal *Beaufort's* at the point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks as if Duke *Humphry's* ghost
Were by his side; sometimes he calls the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul:
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the King. [*Exit Vaux.*
Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting *Suffolk's* exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increase; mine for my sorrows.
Now get thee hence; the King, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:

So

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet *Elysium*.
To die by thee were but to die in jest,
From thee to die were torture more than death;
Oh! let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.

To *France*, sweet *Suffolk*; let me hear from thee:
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an *Iris* that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart along with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so funder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE X.

The Cardinal's Bed-chamber.

*Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal
in Bed.*

K. Henry. **H**OW fares my Lord? speak, *Beaufort*, to thy
Sovereign.

Car. If thou beest Death, I'll give thee *England's* treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my tryal when you will.
 Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
 Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?
 Oh, torture me no more, I will confes ----
 Alive again? then shew me where he is:
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him ----
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:
 Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul:
 Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal mover of the heav'ns,
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
 Oh, beat away the busie meddling fiend,
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
 Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
 Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
 He dies, and makes no sign: O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are finners all.
 Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
 And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, and other Pirates, with Suffolk and others Prisoners.

CAPTAIN.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragick melancholy night:
Who with their drowfie, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead mens graves; and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize:
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the *Downs*,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this:
The other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master, let me know.

Maſt. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains throats, for die you shall:
Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,
Be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die; [To Suffolk.
And

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash, take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly founded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, *Whitmore*, for thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole*.

Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk* muffled up in rags?

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But *Jove* was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King *Henry's* blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaster*,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom:
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fal'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth!

This

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. *Poole*, Sir *Poole*? Lord?

Ay, kennel ---- puddle ---- sink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where *England* drinks:

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing up the treasure of the realm.

Thy lips that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphry*'s death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affie a mighty Lord

Unto the daughter of a worthless King,
Having nor subject, wealth, nor diadem!

By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious *Sylla*, over-gorg'd

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to *France*;

The false revolting *Normans* thorough thee

Disdain to call us Lord; and *Picardie*

Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevills* all,

(Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain)

As hating thee, are rising up in arms.

And now the house of *York* (thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless King,

And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,)

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours

Advance

Advance a half-fac'd sun striving to shine;
 Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus*.
 The Commons here in *Kent* are up in arms:
 And to conclude, reproach and beggary
 Are crept into the palace of our King,
 And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paultry, servile, abject drudges!
 Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 Than *Bardylis*^a the strong *Illyrian* Pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thy self.
 Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
 I go of message from the Queen to *France*;
 I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter ----

Whit. Come, *Suffolk*, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*, it's thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

Gent. My gracious Lord, intreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. *Suffolk's* imperial tongue is stern and rough,
 Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
 Far be it we should honour such as these
 With humble suit; no; rather let my head
 Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
 Save to the God of heav'n and to my King;
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
 Know true Nobility is exempt from fear:
 More can I bear than you dare execute.

(a) *Bardylis* was the King of *Illyria* whom *Philip* of *Macedon* conquer'd. *Diodor. Sic. lib. 16.*
 The reason why he is call'd a Pirate is this, that it was the character of the whole *Illyrian* nation (a
 powerful and a maritime people) to live by rapine and plunder. *Illyrios ex rapto vivere adfuetos.*
Quint. Curt. lib. 3. c. 10.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, foldiers, shew what cruelty you can,
That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians*.
A *Roman* sworder and *Bandetto* slave
Murther'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus'* bastard hand
Stab'd *Julius Cæsar*, savage Islanders
Pompey the Great; and *Suffolk* dies by pirates.

[*Exit* Walter Whitmore with *Suffolk*.]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt* Captain and the rest.]

Manet the first Gentleman. Enter Whitmore with the body.

Whit. There let his head and liveless body lye,
Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit* Whitmore.]

Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends,
So will the Queen that living held him dear. [*Exit*.]

SCENE II.

Southwark.

Enter Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a sword though made of a lath;
they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee *Jack Cade* the clothier means to dress the
Commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say it was never
a merry world in *England* since gentlemen came up.

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Bevis.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True, and yet it is said, *Labour in thy vocation*; which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them; there's *Best's* son, the tanner of *Wingham*.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the butcher.

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter *Cade*, *Dick the butcher*, *Smith the weaver*, and a sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We *John Cade*, so term'd of our supposed father ----

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes; command silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a *Mortimer* ----

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet* ----

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies* ----

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Weav. But now of late not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipt three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Weav. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.^a

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'th' hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your captain is brave and vows reformation. There shall be in *England* seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the Realm shall be in common, and in *Cheapside* shall my palfry go to grass; and when I am King, as King I will be ----

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people. There shall be no mony, all shall eat and drink upon my score, and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their Lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings, but I say 'tis bees wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The clerk of *Chatham*; he can write and read, and cast accompt.

(a) A quibble intended between two senses of the word, one as being able to resist, the other as being well tried, that is, long worn.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Weav. He's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters^a: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thy self like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest; away with him; he is a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. *[Exit one with the Clerk.]*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly; Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down; he shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself. He is but a Knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my self a Knight presently; rise up, Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

(a) Several instances of This may be found in Mabillon's *Diplomata*.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;
The King is merciful if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaves I pass them,
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer,
And thou thy self a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this. --- Edmund Mortimer Earl of March married the Duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I, deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

ALL. Ay marry will we, therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf.

Y. Staf. *Jack Cade*, the Duke of *York* hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my self. Go to, Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his father's sake, *Henry the Fifth*, (in whose time boys went to span-counter for *French* crowns) I am content he shall reign, but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore we'll have the Lord *Say's* head, for selling the Dukedom of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak *French*, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can: the *Frenchmen* are our enemies: go to then; I ask but this; can he that speaks with the tongue of the enemy be a good counsellor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Affail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade*; That those which fly before the battel ends, May (even in their wives and childrens fight) Be hang'd up for example at their doors; And you that be the King's friends follow me.

[*Ex. the two Staffords with their Followers.*]

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me. Now shew your selves men, 'tis for liberty. We will not leave one Lord, one gentleman; Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoone, For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Ex. Cade and his Party.*]

[*Alarum to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.*]

Enter

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the butcher of *Asbford*?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behaved'st thy self as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels 'till I do come to *London*, where we will have the Mayor's sword born before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards *London*. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

BLACK-HEATH.

Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Q. Mar. **O**FT have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lye on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should imbrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some holy Bishop to intreat;
For

For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I my self,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their General.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wand'ring planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Henry. Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, Madam?

Lamenting still, and mourning *Suffolk's* death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou would'st not half have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now? what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mes. The rebels are in *Southwark*; fly, my Lord:

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence's* house,
And calls your Grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in *Westminster*.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillers, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
These *Kentish* rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord *Say*, the traitors hate thee,

There-

Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger:
The fight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*,
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses:
The rascal people thirsting after prey
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal Court.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord; away, take horse.

K. Henry. Come, *Marg'ret*, God our hope will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Lord, trust not to *Kentish* rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

LONDON.

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter two
or three Citizens below.*

Scales. HOW now? is *Jack Cade* slain?

1 Cit. No, my Lord, nor like to be slain: for they
have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the
Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the *Tower* to defend
the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my self.
The rebels have assay'd to win the *Tower*.

But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head,

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Y

And

And thither will I send you *Matthew Goff*.
 Fight for your King, your country and your lives,
 And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-Stone.

Cade. **N**OW is *Mortimer* Lord of this city, and here sitting upon *London-Stone*, I charge and command that of the city's cost the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

Weav. If this fellow be wife, he'll never call you *Jack Cade* more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an army gathered together in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but first go and set *London-Bridge* on fire, and if you can, burn down the *Tower* too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Smithfield.

Alarum. *Matthew Goff* is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade with his company.

Cade. **S**O, Sirs: Now go some and pull down the *Savoy*: others to the Inns of courts, down with them all!

Dick.

Dick. I have a suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of *England* may come out of your mouth.

John. Mafs, 'twill be sore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, *John*, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm, my mouth shall be the parliament of *England*.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord *Say* which fold the towns in *France*, he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou *Say*, thou serge, nay, thou buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monsieur ^a *Basimecu*, the Dauphin of *France*? be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the besom that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou hast

(a) He means to say, *Baisez ma queue.*

men about thee, that usually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of the peace to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too, as my self for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, ---

Dick. Well, what say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: *Bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this Isle;
Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches,
The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy:
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandy*,
Yet to recover them would lose my life:
Justice with favour have I always done,
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the King:
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unless you be possess'd with dev'lish spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murder me!

This

word

This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make 'em red
again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor mens causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a
hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palfie, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with
you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole or no: take
him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his words; but I'll bridle
it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.
Away with him, he has a familiar under his tongue, he speaks not
o' God's name. Go, take him away I say, and strike off his head
presently, and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir *James*
Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two
poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, country-men, if when you make your pray'rs,
God should be so obdurate as your selves,

How

How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: [*Ex. some with Lord Say.*] the proudest Peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maidenhead ere they have it; men shall hold of me in *Capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord, when shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive: Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in *France*. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Changes to Southwark.

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. **U**P *Fish-street*, down *St. Magnes' Corner*, kill and knock down, throw them into *Thames*.

A Parley sounded.

What noise is this I hear? dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, *Cade*, we come ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou hast mis-led,
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, country-men, will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye so brave? and
you, base peasants, do ye believe them? will you needs be hang'd
with your pardons about your necks? hath my sword therefore
broke through *London* gates, that you should leave me at the
White-hart in *Southwark*? I thought you would never have given
out these arms 'till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but
you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to
the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your
houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your
faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse light
upon you all!

All. We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the son of *Henry* the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,

The

The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquished,
 Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
 Methinks already in this civil broil
 I see them lording it in *London* streets,
 Crying *Villageois*! unto all they meet.
 Better ten thousand base-born *Cades* miscarry,
 Than you should stoop unto a *Frenchman's* mercy.
 To *France*! to *France*! and get what you have lost;
 Spare *England*, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A *Clifford*! a *Clifford*! we'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of *Henry* the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying; in despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers base and ignominious treasons make me betake me to my heels. [Exit.

Buck. What, is he fled? go some and follow him.
 And he that brings his head unto the King,
 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
 To reconcile you all unto the King.

[Exeunt omnes.

S C E N E X.

The Palace at Killingworth.

*Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and
 Somerset on the Terras.*

K. Henry. **W**AS ever King that 'joy'd an earthly throne,
 And could command no more content than I?
 No

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old :
Was never subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty !

K. Henry. Why, *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* surpriz'd ?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my Lord, and all his pow'rs do yield,
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heav'n, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise !
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and country :
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selves will never be unkind :
And so with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King ! God save the King !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*,
And with a puissant and mighty pow'r
Of desp'rate gallow-glasses and stout kerns,
Is marching hitherward in proud array :
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerset*, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my state 'twixt *Cade* and *York* distrest,
Like to a ship that having 'scap'd a tempest

Is straitway calm'd and boarded with a pirate.
 But now is *Cade* driv'n back, his men dispers'd,
 And now is *York* in arms to second him.
 I pray thee, *Buckingham*, go and meet with him,
 And ask him what's the reason of these arms:
 Tell him I'll send Duke *Edmund* to the *Tower*;
 And, *Somerſet*, we will commit thee thither,
 Until his army be diſmiſt from him.

Som. My Lord,
 I'll yield my ſelf to priſon willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any caſe be not too rough in terms,
 For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my Lord, and doubt not ſo to deal,
 As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
 For yet may *England* curſe my wretched reign. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XI.

A Garden in Kent.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. **F**IE on ambition; fie on my ſelf that have a ſword, and
 yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe five days have I hid
 me in theſe woods and durſt not peep out, for all the country is
 laid for me: but now am I ſo hungry, that if I might have a leaſe
 of my life for a thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer. Where-
 fore o'er a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to ſee if I
 can eat graſs, or pick a ſallet another while, which is not amiſs to
 cool a man's ſtomach this hot weather; and I think this word ſal-
 let was born to do me good, for many a time but for a ſallet my
 brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time
 when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath ſerv'd me
 inſtead

instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word fallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others waining,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray,
for entring his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these sawcy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the best blood that ever was broach'd,
and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat these five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said while *England* stands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon,

My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
 And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
 As for more words, let this my sword report
 (Whose greatness answers words) what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech *Jove* on my knees thou may'st be turned into hobnails.

Here they fight.

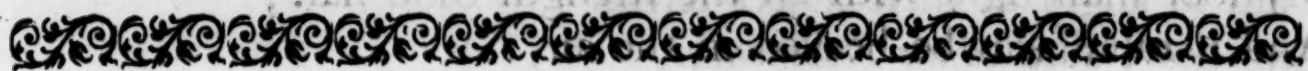
O I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me; let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer'd soul of *Cade* is fled!

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead. Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat, To emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade. *Iden*, farewell, and be proud of thy victory: tell *Kent* from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I that never fear'd any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge! Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee! And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most ungracious head, Which I will bear in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*]

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

In the Fields near London.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

Y O R K.

FROM *Ireland* thus comes *York* to claim his right,
 And pluck the crown from feeble *Henry's* head.
 Ring bells aloud, burn bonfires clear and bright,
 To entertain great *England's* lawful King!
 Ah Majesty! who would not buy thee dear?
 Let them obey that know not how to rule.
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
 I cannot give due action to my words,
 Except a sword or scepter balance it.
 A scepter shall it have, (have I a soul,)
 On which I'll toss the Flower-de-Luce of *France*.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to disturb me?
 The King hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
 Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from *Henry* our dread Liege,
 To know the reason of these arms in peace;
 Or why thou being a subject as I am,
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
 Should'st raise so great a power without his leave;
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the Court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
 Oh! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,

I am

I am so angry at these abject terms.
 And now, like *Ajax Telamonius*,
 On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
 I am far better born than is the King:
 More like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.
 But I must make fair weather yet a while,
 'Till *Henry* be more weak and I more strong.
 O *Buckingham*! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 That I have giv'n no answer all this while;
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither,
 Is to remove proud *Somerset* from the King,
 Seditious to his Grace and to the state.

[*Aside.*]

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
 But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
 The Duke of *Somerset* is in the *Tower*.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, *Buckingham*, I do dismiss my powers.
 Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse your selves;
 Meet me to-morrow in *St. George's* field,
 You shall have pay and ev'ry thing you wish.
 And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
 Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
 As pledges of my fealty and love,
 I'll send them all as willing as I live;
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
 Is his to use, so *Somerset* may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission,
 We twain will go into his Highness' tent.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

The King's Pavilion.

Enter King Henry and Attendants. Re-enter Buckingham and York with Attendants.

K. Henry. **B**uckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your Highness.

K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To have the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Whom since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a King,
Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head;
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Henry. The head of Cade? great God! how just art thou!
O let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Ev'n Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poor Esquire of Kent that loves the King.

Buck. So please it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created Knight for his good service.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; and rise thou up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege!

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

K. Henry. See, *Buckingham*, *Somerset* comes with the Queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. Mar. For thousand *Yorks* he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now? is *Somerset* at liberty?
Then, *York*, unloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the fight of *Somerset*?

False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown:

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely scepter.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown (like to *Achilles'* spear^a)

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,

And with the same to act controlling laws:

Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, *York*,

(a) The Story is that Telephus the Son of Hercules being King of Mysia opposed the passage of the Greeks to Troy, and being grievously wounded by Achilles consulted the Oracle how he might be cured. The answer he received was that nothing but the same Spear which gave the Wound could heal it: upon which he made friends to Achilles who by the rust from the steel of his Spear scraped into the Wound cured him. And in return for so great a benefit Telephus followed Achilles as an Auxiliary to the siege of Troy. Ovid refers to this Story in the following verses:

Vulnus in Herculeo quæ quondam fecerat hoste
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit.

And Propertius,

Mysus & Æmonia juvenis quâ cuspide vulnus
Senserat, hæc ipsâ cuspide sensit opem.

Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown;
Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:
Would'st have me kneel? first, let me ask of them,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of *York*
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-cast of *Naples*, *England's* bloody scourge!
The sons of *York*, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward Plantagenet and Richard Plantagenet.
See where they come, I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my Lord the King!

York. I thank thee, *Clifford*; say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright me with an angry look:
We are thy Sovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King, *York*, I do not mistake,
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do;
To *Bedlam* with him, is the man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his King.

Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the *Tower*,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so.
I am the King, and thou a false-heart traitor;
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,^a
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Turn back and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose your selves to match Lord *Warwick*.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed lest by your heat you burn your selves.

K. Henry. Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old *Salisbury*, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

(a) Alluding to the Nevills' crest which was the Bear and ragged staff.

And

And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with milky age.

Sal. My Lord, I have consider'd with my self
The title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to *England's* royal seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heav'n for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Old Clif. The first, I warrant thee; if dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day:
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old *Nevil's* crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,

That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm)
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fie, charity for shame, speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Battle at St. Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. **C**lifford of Cumberland, 'tis *Warwick* calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dying mens cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud northern Lord, *Clifford* of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble Lord? what all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed *Clifford* slew my steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, *Warwick*: seek thee out some other chafe,

For

For I my self must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then nobly, *York*! 'tis for a crown thou fight'st;
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit Warwick.

Clif. What feelt thou in me, *York*? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay, address thee instantly. [Fight.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [Dies.

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still;
Peace with his soul, heav'n, if it be thy will!

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'n's do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance: Let no soldiers fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; for he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. ---- O let the vile world end,

[Seeing his Father.

And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heav'n together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordained, O dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The silver livery of advised age;

And

And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this fight
 My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine
 It shall be stony. *York* not our old men spares:
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
 Meet I an infant of the house of *York*,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild *Medea* young *Absyrtus* did.
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford's* house:
 As did *Æneas* old *Anchises* bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
 But then *Æneas* bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his Father.]

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lye thou there: [Somerfet is kill'd.
 For underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
 The castle in *St. Albans*, *Somerfet*
 Hath made the ^a wizard famous in his death;
 Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
 Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill. [Ex. Rich. Plantagenet.]

S C E N E VI.

Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my Lord, you are slow; for shame, away!

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heav'ns? good *Marg'ret*, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight nor fly:
 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,

(a) See before, p. 114.

To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly. [*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to *London* get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present pow'rs.
Away for your relief, and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my Lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick,
and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

York. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
Is not it self, nor have we won one foot,
If *Salisbury* be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in an homely house,

So

So was his will in his old feeble body.
But noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By th' Mafs, fo did we all. I thank you, *Richard*.
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of fuch repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,
For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London*,
To call a present court of Parliament.

Let us purfue him ere the writs go forth.
What fays Lord *Warwick*, fhall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious day.
St. Alban's battel, won by famous *York*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drums and trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more fuch days as this to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*



The third Part of King **HENRY VI.** Act. 2. Sc. 7.

The THIRD PART of
HENRY
THE
SIXTH.

With the DEATH of the
DUKE of YORK.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.
 Edward, *Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.*
 Duke of Exeter, *Brother to King Henry IV.*
 Duke of Somerset,
 Earl of Northumberland,
 Earl of Oxford,
 Earl of Westmorland,
 Lord Clifford,
 Earl of Richmond, *a Youth, afterwards King Henry VII.*
 Richard, *Duke of York.*
 Edward, *Eldest Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV.*
 George, *Duke of Clarence, second Son to the Duke of York.*
 Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.*
 Edmund, *Earl of Rutland, youngest Son to the Duke of York.*
 Duke of Norfolk,
 Marquis of Montague,
 Earl of Warwick,
 Earl of Salisbury,
 Earl of Pembroke,
 Lord Hastings,
 Lord Stafford,
 Sir John Mortimer,
 Sir Hugh Mortimer,
 Sir William Stanley.
 Lord Rivers, *Brother to the Lady Gray.*
 Sir John Montgomery.
 Lieutenant of the Tower,
 Mayor of Coventry.
 Mayor and Aldermen of York.
 Somerville.
 Humphry and Sinklo, *two Huntsmen.*
 Lewis, *King of France.*
 Bourbon, *Admiral of France.*
 Queen Margaret.
 Bona, *Sister to the French King.*
 Lady Gray, *Widow of Sir Richard Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*

} *Lords of King Henry's side.*

} *of the Duke of York's Party.*

} *Uncles to the Duke of York.*

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, and King Edward.

*In Part of the Third Act the SCENE is laid in France, during
all the rest of the Play in England.*

The

The THIRD PART of
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

L O N D O N.

Before the Parliament-House.

*Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk,
Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.*

WARWICK.

I Wonder how the King escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away and left his men :
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford*, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battel's front ; and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord *Stafford*'s father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his beaver with a down-right blow :
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltshire*'s blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battels join'd.

(a) First printed under the title of *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth ; or the second part of the Contention of York and Lancaster.* 1600.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Shewing Somerset's head.*]

York. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my sons.

Norf. Is his Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerset*?
Such hope have all the line of *John of Gaunt*!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henry's* head.

War. And so do I; victorious Prince of *York*,
Before I see thee seated in the throne,
Which now the house of *Lancaster* usurps,
I vow by heav'n these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful King,
And this the regal seat; possess it, *York*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henry's* heir's.

York. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk*; stay by me, my Lords,
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night. [They go up.]

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council;
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless *Plantagenet* Duke of *York* be King,
And bashful *Harry* depos'd, whose cowardise
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my Lords, be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest He that holds up *Lancaster*,
Dares stir a wing, if *Warwick* shake his bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dare:
Resolve thee, *Richard*, claim the *English* crown.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and others.

K. Henry. My Lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state; belike he means
(Back'd by the power of *Warwick*, that false Peer,) *T'*
aspire unto the crown, and reign as King.
Earl of *Northumberland*, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, and you vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his fav'rites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heav'ns be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down.
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of *Westmorland*.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he:
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us assail the family of *York*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin, be it so.

K. Henry. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from *Henry's* heart,
To make a shambles of the Parliament-house!
Cousin of *Exeter*, frowns, words and threats,
Shall be the war that *Henry* means to use.
Thou factious Duke of *York*, descend my throne, [*To the Duke.*
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy Sovereign.

York. *Henry*, I am thine.

Exe. For shame come down: he made thee Duke of *York*.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the Earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War.

War. *Exeter*, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping *Henry*.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural King?

War. True, *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of *York*.

K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so, content thy self.

War. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of *Lancaster*,
And that the Lord of *Westmorland* shall maintain.

War. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. Yes, *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief.
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy sons
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more, lest that instead of words
I send thee, *Warwick*, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor *Clifford*! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*;
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the son of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of *France* sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You're old enough now, yet methinks you lose:
Tear the crown, father, from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so, set it on your head.

Mont.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to speak.

War. *Plantagenet* shall speak first: hear him, Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandfire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours often born in *France*,
And now in *England* to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding sheet: why faint you, Lords,
My title's good and better far than his.

War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

K. Henry. *Henry* the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his King.

K. Henry. I know not what to say, my title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For *Richard* in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the crown to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No, for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of *Exeter*?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful King.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me and turn to him.

North.

North. *Plantagenet*, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power
Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King *Henry*, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart!

York. *Henry* of *Lancaster*, resign thy crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, Lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of *York*,
Or I will fill this house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state where now he sits
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers shew themselves.*]

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;
Let me for the time present reign as King.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son!

War. What good is this to *England* and himself!

West. Base, fearful and despairing *Henry*!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thy self and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degen'rate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides!

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of *York*,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif.

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!

[*Exeunt North. Clif. Westm.*]

S C E N E III.

War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah, *Exeter*! —

War. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

K. Henry. Not for my self, Lord *Warwick*, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may; I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war; and whilst I live,
To honour me as thy true King and Sovereign:
Neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down, and reign thy self.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live King *Henry*! *Plantagenet*, embrace him.

K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurst be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Tucket. Here they come down.*]

York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep *London* with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Ex. York, War. Norf. and Mont.*]

K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

Enter Queen Margaret, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Henry. So, *Exeter*, will I.

VOL. IV.

C c

[*Going.*
Q. Mar.]

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee ——

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extreams?

Ah wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid,
And never seen thee, never born thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so much as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, *Marg'ret*; pardon me, sweet son;
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak; ah tim'rous wretch!
Thou hast undone thy self, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of *York* such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellor and the Lord of *Calais*,
Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the realm,
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour.
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce my self
Both from thy table, *Henry*, and thy bed,

Until

Until that act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern Lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee; come, son, let's away,
Our army's ready, come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I'll see your Grace; 'till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away, we may not linger thus.

[Exeunt Q. Mar. and Prince.]

K. Henry. Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty spirit winged with desire
Will truss my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three Lords torments my heart;
I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair;
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And as I hope shall reconcile them all.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Changes to Sandal-Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Edward Plantagenet, and Montague.

Rich. **B** Rother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

C c 2

Enter

*The Third Part of**Enter the Duke of York.*

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us,
The crown of *England*, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving th'house of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn!

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou can't not, son, it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears.
Henry had none, but did usurp the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous;
Therefore to arms! and, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is *Elysium*
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of *Henry's* heart.

York. *Richard*, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to *London* presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this enterprize.

Thou,

Thou, *Richard*, shalt to th' Duke of *Norfolk* go,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, *Edward*, shalt unto my Lord of *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
As yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of *Lancaster*?

Enter Messenger.

But stay, what news? why com'st thou in such post?

Mes. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
Intends here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortifie your hold, my Lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou that we fear
them?

Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me;
My brother *Montague* shall post to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry* nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit Montague.*]

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine uncles,
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.
The army of the Queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's General; what should we fear? [*A March afar off.*
Edw.

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battel strait.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battel have I won in *France*,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success? [*Alarm. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Field of Battle.

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. **A**H, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, Tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life;
As for the brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tutor. Ah! *Clifford*, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man. [*Exit with Soldiers.*]

Clif. How now? is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up Lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live!

Clif.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy : my father's blood
Hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again :
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me :
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not flake mine ire nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of *York*
Is as a fury to torment my soul :
And 'till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore -----

Rut. O let me pray before I take my death :
To thee I pray ----- sweet *Clifford*, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm ; why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Left in revenge thereof (fith God is just)
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause !

Thy father slew my father, therefore die.

[*Clif. stabs him.*

Rut. *Diū faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ !*

[*Dies.*

Clif. *Plantagenet*, I come, *Plantagenet*,
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, 'till thy blood
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Alarum. Enter the Duke of York.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field :
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them :
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life or death.
 Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,
 And thrice cry'd, *Courage, father, fight it out !*
 And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
 With purple falchion painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, *Charge ! and give no foot of ground ;*
 And cry'd, *A crown or else a glorious tomb,*
A scepter or an earthly sepulchre.
 With this we charg'd again ; but, out alas !
 We bodg'd again ; as I have seen a Swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*]

Ah ! hark, the fatal followers do pursue,
 And I am faint and cannot fly their fury.
 And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
 The sands are number'd that make up my life,
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the Prince of Wales, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage :

I am

I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*!

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desp'rate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. Oh *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that flanders him with cowardise,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, *Northumberland*.

North. Hold, *Clifford*, do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*They take York prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-matcht.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here,
That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What, was it you that would be *England's* King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now,
The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Look, *York*, I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford* with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas poor *York*! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee grieve, to make me merry, *York*.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine intrails,
That not a tear can fall for *Rutland's* death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:
Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be fee'd I see to make me sport:
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.
A crown for *York* ——— and, Lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:

Ay, this is he that took King *Henry's* chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.

But

But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
 Is crown'd so soon, hath broke his solemn oath?
 As I bethink me, you should not be King
 'Till our King *Henry* had shook hands with death.
 And will you pale your head in *Henry's* glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable:
 Off with the crown, and with the crown his head,
 And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay, let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of *France*, but worse than wolves of *France*,
 Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth;
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
 To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
 But that thy face is vizard-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless:
 Thy father bears the type of King of *Naples*,
 Of both the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
 Yet not so wealthy as an *English* yeoman.
 Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
 Unless the adage must be verif'd,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,
 But God he knows thy share thereof is small.
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd,
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine,
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.
 Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the *Septentrion*.
 Oh tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,
 How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish.
 Would'st thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
 For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs,
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet *Rutland's* obsequies,
 And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee, fell *Clifford*, and thee, false *French* woman.

North. Beshrew me but his passions move me so,
 That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his
 The hungry Canibals would not have touch'd,
 Would not have stain'd the roses just i'th' bud:
 You're more inhuman, more inexorable,
 Oh ten times more, than tygers of *Hyrkania*.
 See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears:
 This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
 And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears:
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say, *Alas, it was a piteous deed*.
 There take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse.
 And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
 Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
 My soul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
 I should

I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[Stabbing him.]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.
[Stabs him also.]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee. [Dies.]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on *York* gates;
So *York* may overlook the town of *York*. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Marches of Wales.

A March. Enter Edward Plantagenet, Richard Plantagenet,
and their Power.

EDWARD.

I Wonder how our Princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford's* and *Northumberland's* pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battel range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth;
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,

As

As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pincht a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son.

Edw. See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love!
Dazzle mine eyes? or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wond'rous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we the sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave, I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah! one that was a woful looker on
When as the noble Duke of *York* was slain,
Your Princely father, and my loving Lord.

Edw.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Mef. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*
Against the *Greeks* that would have entred *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds;
And many stroaks, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd,
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting *Clifford* and the Queen;
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of *York*
They set the same, and there it doth remain
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone we have no staff, no stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boist'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slain
The flower of *Europe* for his chivalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him;
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, oh never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen:
For th' self-same wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast,

And

And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:

Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!

Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,

Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:

His Dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,

Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun:

For chair and Dukedom, throne and Kingdom say,

Either they're thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquiss of Montague, and their Army.

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we should recount

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance

Stab poniards in our flesh 'till all were told,

The words would add more anguish than the wounds.

O valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is slain.

Edw. O *Warwick*! *Warwick*! that *Plantagenet*

Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,

Is by the stern Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;

And now, to add more measure to your woes,

I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.

After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,

Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,

Were brought me of your loss and his depart.

I then in *London*, keeper of the King,

Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,

March'd towards *St. Albans* t' intercept the Queen,

Bearing the King in my behalf along:

For by my scouts I was advertised

That she was coming, with a full intent

To dash our late decree in Parliament,

Touch-

Touching King *Henry's* oath, and your succession:
 Short tale to make, we at St. *Albans* met,
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
 That robb'd my foldiers of their heated spleen;
 Or whether 'twas report of her success,
 Or more than common fear of *Clifford's* rigour,
 Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
 I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
 Our foldiers like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay and great reward;
 But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled; the King unto the Queen,
 Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk*, and my self,
 In haste, post haste, are come to join with you:
 For in the marches here we heard you were,
 Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?
 And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the foldiers;
 And for your brother, he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, Dutchess of *Burgundy*,
 With aid of foldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike when valiant *Warwick* fled;
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er, 'till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, *Richard*, dost thou hear:
 For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
 Can pluck the diadem from faint *Henry's* head,
 And wring the awful scepter from his fist,

Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord *Warwick*, blame me not,
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.

But in this troublous time what's to be done?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our *Ave Marias* with our beads?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say ay, and to it, Lords!

War. Why, therefore *Warwick* came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother *Montague*.

Attend me, Lords: the proud insulting Queen,

With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,

And of their feather many more proud birds,

Have wrought the easie-melting King, like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,

His oath enrolled in the Parliament:

And now to *London* all the crew are gone,

To frustrate both his oath, and what beside

May make against the house of *Lancaster*.

Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:

Now if the help of *Norfolk* and my self,

With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of *March*,

Amongst the loving *Welshmen* canst procure,

Will but amount to five and twenty thousand:

Why, *Via!* straight to *London* will we march,

And once again bestride our foaming steeds,

And once again cry charge upon our foes,

But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great *Warwick* speak;

Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day

That cries retire, if *Warwick* bid him stay!

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy shoulder will I lean,

And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour!)

Must

Must *Edward* fall, which peril heav'n forefend!

War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*;
The next degree is *England's* royal throne:
For King of *England* shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along:

And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums; God and St. *George* for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mes. The Duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me
The Queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it forts; brave warriors, let's away!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

YORK.

*Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland,
and the Prince of Wales, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Q. Mar. **W**elcome, my Lord, to this brave town of *York*!
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy

That fought to be encompassed with your crown.

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

E e 2

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;
To see this fight it irks my very soul:
With-hold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,

And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious *York* did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows.

He but a Duke, would have his son a King,

And raise his issue like a loving fire;

Thou being a King, blest with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him;

Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young,

And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet in protection of their tender ones

Who hath not seen them (even with those wings

Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

For shame, my Liege, make them your president.

Were it not pity, that this goodly boy

Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault,

And long hereafter say unto his child,

What my great-grandfather and grandfire got,

My careless father fondly gave away?

Ah, what a shame was this! look on the boy,

And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own to him.

K. Henry. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:

But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill-gotten have had bad success?

And happy *always* was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!

For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin *York*, would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My Lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint:

You promis'd Knighthood to our forward son,
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneel down.

K. Henry. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a Knight,
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as Apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *York*:

And in the towns as they do march along
Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.

Darraign your battel, they are near at hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the field:
The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry *St. George!*

S C E N E IV.

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk,
Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy Sovereign and thy lawful King?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when his oath is broke: for, as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of Parliament
To blot out me and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy fort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare you
speak?

When you and I met at *St. Albans* last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley, scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland*:

But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Henry. Have done with words, my Lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then, execution, re-unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That *Clifford*'s manhood lyes upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, *Henry*, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For *York* in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which *Warwick* says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy fire nor dam,
But like a foul mishapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venomous toads, or lizards dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of *Naples* hid with *English* gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a King,

(As

(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)
 Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
 To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
 To make this shameless callat know her self.

Helen of *Greece* was fairer far than thou,
 Although thy husband may be *Menelaus*;
 And ne'er was *Agamemnon's* brother wrong'd
 By that false woman, as this King by thee.
 His father revell'd in the heart of *France*,
 And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop:
 And had he match'd according to his state,
 He might have kept that glory to this day.
 But when he took a beggar to his bed,
 And grac'd thy poor fire with his bridal day,
 Even then that sun-shine brew'd a show'r for him,
 That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home:
 For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
 Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
 And we in pity of the gentle King
 Had slipt our claim until another age.

Cla. But when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,
 And that thy summer bred us no increase,
 We set the ax to thy usurping root;
 And though the edge hath something hit our selves,
 Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave 'till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defie thee,
 Not willing any longer conference,
 Since thou deny'dst the gentle King to speak.
 Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,
 And either victory or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, *Edward* ----

Edw.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay.
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.

A Field of Battle.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. **F**Ore-spent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd and many blows repaid
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spight of spight needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heav'n; or strike, ungentle death;
For this world frowns, and *Edward's* sun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, *Warwick*, why hast thou withdrawn thy self?
^a Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of *Clifford's* lance:
And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
(Like to a dismal clangor heard from far)
Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!

(a) It was not the Marquis of Montague who was slain in this battle, but a natural brother of the Earl of Warwick.

So underneath the belly of his steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoaking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
I'll kill my horse because I will not fly:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were plaid in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of Kings!
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.
Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heaven or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle *Warwick*,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away: once more, sweet Lords, farewell!

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops;
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards,
As victors wear at the *Olympian* games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,

For

King HENRY VI.

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For yet is hope of life and victory;
Fore-flow no longer, make we hence amain.

[Exeunt.]

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have singled thee alone,
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father *York*,
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland*,
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy fire and brother
To execute the like upon thy self;
And so have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, *Warwick*, single out some other chase,
For I my self will hunt this wolf to death.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

K. Henry. This battel fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best,
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
So is the equal poize of this fell war.

F f 2

Here

Here on this mole-hill will I fit me down:
 To whom God will, there be the victory!
 For *Margaret* my Queen and *Clifford* too
 Have chid me from the battel, swearing both
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead, if God's good will were so!
 For what is in this world but grief and woe?
 O God! methinks it were a happy life
 To be no better than a homely swain,
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
 How many make the hour full compleat,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times:
 So many hours must I tend my flock,
 So many hours must I take my rest,
 So many hours must I contemplate,
 So many hours must I sport my self;
 So many days my ewes have been with young,
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years
 Past over, to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
 Gives not the haw-thorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To Kings that fear their subjects treachery?
 O yes it doth, a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,

All

All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Enter a Son, bearing his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns,
And I that, haply, take them from him now,
May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man to me.
Who's this? oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I un'wares have kill'd:
Oh heavy times, begetting such events!
From *London* by the King was I prest forth,
My father being the Earl of *Warwick's* man
Came on the part of *York*, prest by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God! I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks:
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity:
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.

Enter

*The Third Part of**Enter a Father, bearing his Son.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold :
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
 But let me see : is this our foe-man's face ?
 Ah no, no, no, it is my only son !
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye ; see, see what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
 O pity, God, this miserable age !
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
 O boy ! thy father gave thee life too late,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon.

K. Henry. Woe above woe ; grief, more than common grief !
 O that my death would stay these rueful deeds !
 O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses.
 The one his purple blood right well resembles,
 The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth :
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd !

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
 Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd !

K. Henry. How will the country, for these woful chances,
 Mis-think the King, and not be satisfy'd !

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son ?

K. Henry. Was ever King so griev'd for subjects woe ?
 Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

Son.

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Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [Exit.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet,
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My fighting breast shall be thy funeral bell:
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [Exit.

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a King more woful than you are.

SCENE VIII.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince of Wales,
and Exeter.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly; for all your friends are fled;
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed bull:
Away, for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my Lord, towards *Berwick* post amain.
Edward and *Richard*, like a brace of grey-hounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel graspt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain!

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed.
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet *Exeter*;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away! [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which while it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.

O *Lancaster*! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee,
And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, strengthening mis-proud *York*;

[*Falling.*]

The common people swarm like summer flies,
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but *Henry's* enemies?
O *Phœbus*! hadst thou never giv'n consent
That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth:
And, *Henry*, hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,

Giving no ground unto the house of *York*,
They never then had sprung like summer flies.
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.

For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds,
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.

The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come, *York* and *Richard*, *Warwick* and the rest,
I stabb'd your father's bosom; split my breast.

[*He faints.*]*Alarum*

Alarum and Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Montague, Clarence, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, Lords, good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Sail fill'd with a fretting gust
Command an Argosie to stem the waves.
But think you, Lords, that *Clifford* fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For though before his face I speak the word,
Your brother *Richard* mark'd him for the grave;
And wherefoe'er he is, he's surely dead. [*Clifford groans.*]

Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly groan, like life in death departing.
See who it is.

Edw. And now the battel's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing *Rutland* when his leaves put forth,
Set his fell murth'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of *York*.

War. From off the gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Instead whereof let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boading tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think his understanding is bereft:
Speak, *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth.
 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
 Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
 As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. *Clifford*, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootless penitence.

War. *Clifford*, devise excuses for thy faults.

Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love *York*, and I am son to *York*.

Edw. Thou pitied'st *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

Cla. Where's Captain *Margaret* to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, *Clifford*, swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath! nay then the world goes hard,
 When *Clifford* cannot spare his friends an oath:

I know by that he's dead; and by my soul,
 If this right hand would buy but two hours life,
 That I in all despite might rail at him,
 This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
 Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young *Rutland* could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
 And rear it in the place your father's stands.
 And now to *London* with triumphant march,
 There to be crowned *England's* royal King:
 From whence shall *Warwick* cut the sea to *France*,
 And ask the Lady *Bona* for thy Queen.
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together.
 And having *France* thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again:
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buzz t' offend thine ears.
 First will I see the coronation,
 And then to *Britany* I'll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw.

Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ster*,
And *George*, of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as our self
Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*; *George*, of *Glo'ster*;
For *Glo'ster*'s Dukedom is too ominous,
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be Duke of *Glo'ster*; now to *London*,
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Forest in the North of England.

Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross-bows in their hands.

SINKLO.

UNder this thick-grown brake we'll shroud our selves,
For through this laund anon the Deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the Deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be: the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost:
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best.
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sink. Here comes a man, let's stay 'till he be past.

G g 2

Enter

Enter King Henry, with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From *Scotland* am I stol'n ev'n of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight:
No, *Harry, Harry*, 'tis no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm washt off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble suitors prefs to speak for right:
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not my self?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer, whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* King, let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four adversities;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My Queen and son are gone to *France* for aid:
And as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone to crave the *French* King's sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and son! your labour is but lost:
For *Warwick* is a subtle orator,
And *Lewis* a Prince soon won with moving words:
By this account then *Margaret* may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The Tyger will be mild while she doth mourn,
And *Nero* would be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:
She on his left side craving aid for *Henry*;
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
She weeps, and says her *Henry* is depos'd;
He smiles, and says his *Edward* is install'd;

That

That she, poor wretch! for grief can speak no more:

While *Warwick* tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,

And in conclusion wins the King from her,

With promise of his sister, and what else,

To strengthen and support King *Edward's* place.

O *Marg'ret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor soul)

Art then forsaken, as thou wert 'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings and Queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to;

A man at least, for less I should not be;

And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why so I am in mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:

Not deck'd with diamonds and *Indian* stones;

Not to be seen: my crown is call'd *Content*,

A crown it is that seldom Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with *Content*,

Your crown *Content* and you must be contented

To go along with us. For, as we think,

You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Hum. No, never such an oath, and will not now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of *England*?

Hum. Here in this country where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine months old,

My father and my grandfather were Kings;

And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sink. No, we were subjects but while you were King.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear:

Look,

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
 And as the air blows it to me again,
 Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
 And yielding to another when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greater gust;
 Such is the lightness of you common men.
 But do not break your oath, for of that sin
 My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.
 Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
 And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true subjects to the King, King *Edward*.

K. Henry. So would you be again to *Henry*,
 If he were seated as King *Edward* is.

Sink. We charge you in God's name and in the King's
 To go with us unto the officers.

K. Henry. In God's name lead, your King's name be obey'd;
 And what God will, that let your King perform,
 And what he will I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The King's Palace in London.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Gray.

K. Edw. **B** Rother of *Glo'ster*, at *St. Alban's* field
 This Lady's husband, ^a *Sir John Gray*, was slain,
 His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
 Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
 Which we in justice cannot well deny,
 Because in quarrel of the house of *York*
 The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit:
 It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

(a) *Wid. Hall. 3 year of Edw. 4. fol. 5.*

Glo. Yea! is it so? I see the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Cla. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will confider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay.
May't please your Highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfie me.

Glo. Ay, widow! then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you:
Fight closer, or good faith you'll catch a blow.

Cla. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Cla. I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.

Gray. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant 'em then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
'Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?

Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love my self.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

Gray. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Gray. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Gray. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon?

Gray.

Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Gray. Why then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.

Cla. As red as fire! nay then her wax must melt.

Gray. Why stops my Lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easie task, 'tis but to love a King.

Gray. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

Gray. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made, she seals it with a curtsie.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me in another sense.

What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

Gray. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.

Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lye in prison.

K. Edw. Why then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

Gray. Why then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Gray. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me:
But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, or with ay or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say Ay to my request:
No; if thou dost say No to my demand.

Gray. Then No, my Lord; my suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Cla.

Cla. He is the bluntest wooer in christendom.

K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty,
Her words do shew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Sovereignty;
One way or other she is for a King,
And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.
Say that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?

Gray. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord;
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons shall call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And by God's mother, I being but a batchelor
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Cla. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Cla. To whom, my Lord?

K. Edw. Why, *Clarence*, to my self.

Glo. That would be ten days wonder at the least.

Cla. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extreams.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the *Tower*:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along: Lords, use her honourably. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Manet Gloucester.

Glo. Ay, *Edward* will use women honourably.
Would he were waisted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet between my soul's desire and me,
(The lustful *Edward*'s title buried)
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his son young *Edward*,
And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place my self.
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then I do but dream on Sov'reignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that funders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'er-weens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for *Richard*:
What other pleasure can the world afford?

I'll

I'll make my heaven in a Lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch sweet Ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb,
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm like to a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where fits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be lov'd?
Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
As are of better person than my self;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown,
And while I live t'account this world but hell,
Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear
Be round-impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, (like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desp'rately to find it out)
Torment my self to catch the *English* crown.
And from that torment I will free my self,
Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions:
 I'll drown more failors than the Mermaid shall,
 I'll slay more gazers than the Basilisk,
 I'll play the orator as well as *Nestor*,
 Deceive more flily than *Ulysses* could,
 And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*:
 I can add colours to the *Camelion*,
 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages,
 And set the murth'rous *Macbiavel* to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to FRANCE.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Lady Bona, Bourbon, Prince of
 Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits,
 and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. **F**Air Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
 And birth, that thou should'st stand while Lewis sits.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
 Must strike her fail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's Queen in former golden days:
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform my self.

K. Lewis. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep
 despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears
 And stops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.

K. Lewis.

K. Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thy self,
And sit thee by our side. Yield not thy neck
To fortune's yolk, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a King become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true anointed lawful King.
This is the cause that I poor Margaret,
With this my son Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:
Our people and our Peers are both mis-led,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, our selves in heavy plight.

K. Lewis. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lewis. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. Oh, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

SCENE V.

Enter Warwick.

K. Lewis. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lewis.

K. Lewis. Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*?
[He descends. She ariseth.]

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
I come (in kindness and unfeigned love)
First to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady *Bona*, thy fair sister,
To *England's* King in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, *Henry's* hope is done.

War. And gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
[Speaking to Bona.]

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my Sov'reign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue's.

Q. Mar. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, hear me speak,
Before you answer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward's* well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henry's* son.
Look therefore, *Lewis*, by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For tho' usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret*!

Prince. And why not Queen?

War.

War. Because thy father *Henry* did usurp,
And thou no more art Prince than she is Queen.

Oxf. Then *Warwick* disannuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did subdue the greatest part of *Spain*;
And after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all *France*:
From these our *Henry* lineally descends.

War. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not how *Henry* the sixth hath lost
All that which *Henry* the fifth had gotten?
Methinks these Peers of *France* should smile at that.
But for the rest; you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years, a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, *Warwick*, canst thou speak against thy Liege
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, *Warwick*, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of *Lancaster*.

War. And I the house of *York*.

K. Lewis. Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and Lord *Oxford*,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with *Warwick*. [*They stand aloof.*]

Q. Mar. Heav'n's grant that *Warwick's* words bewitch him not!

K. Lewis. Now, *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy conscience,
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To

To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lewis. But is he gracious in the people's eyes?

War. The more that *Henry* was unfortunate.

K. Lewis. Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister *Bona*.

War. Such it seems

As may be seem a Monarch like himself:
My self have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was a perennial plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady *Bona* quit his pain.

K. Lewis. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine.

Yet I confess, that often ere this day, [Speaks to Warwick.
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lewis. Then, *Warwick*, this: our sister shall be *Edward's*.
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your King must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witness
That *Bona* shall be wife to th' *English* King.

Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *English* King.

Q. Mar. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming *Lewis* was *Henry's* friend.

K. Lewis. And still is friend to him and *Margaret*;
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edward's* good success;
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,

That

That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you your self, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless *Warwick*, peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of Kings!
I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears
(Both full of truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy fly conveyance,^a and thy Lord's false love,

[*Post* blowing a horn within.

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lewis. *Warwick*, this is some post to us or thee.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Post.

Post. My Lord ambassador, these letters are for you;
[*To Warwick.*

Sent from your brother, Marquis *Montague*.
These from our King unto your Majesty. [*To K. Lewis.*

And, Madam, these for you, from whom I know not.
[*To Q. Margaret. They all read their Letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how *Lewis* stamps as he were nettled.
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lewis. *Warwick*, what are thy news? and yours, fair Queen?

Q. Mar. Mine such as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lewis. What! has your King marry'd the Lady *Gray*?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to perswade me patience?

(a) By Conveyance is here meant the Art of a Jugler, Tricks of Legerdemain.

Is this th' alliance that he seeks with *France*?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your Majesty as much before;
This proveth *Edward's* love and *Warwick's* honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heav'n,

And by the hope I have of heav'nly blifs,

That I am clear from this misdeed of *Edward's*:

No more my King; for he dishonours me,

But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of *York*

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put *Henry* from his native right?

And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on himself, for my desert is honour!

And to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.

My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor:

I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,

And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Q. Mar. *Warwick*, these words have turn'd my hate to love,

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

And joy that thou becom'st King *Henry's* friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him,

And as for *Clarence*, as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,

But

But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall poor *Henry* live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this *English* Queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

K. Lewis. And mine with hers, and thine, and *Margaret's*.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lewis. Then, *England's* messenger, return in post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. [Exit Post.

K. Lewis. But, *Warwick*, thou
Thy self and *Oxford* with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid false *Edward* battel:
And as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son *Edward*, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,

That only *Warwick's* daughter shall be thine.

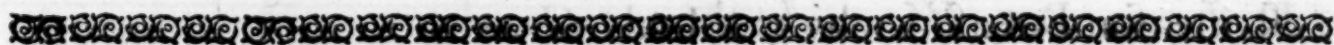
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it:
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

K. Lewis. Why stay we now? these soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou, Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long 'till *Edward* fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a Dame of *France*.

[*Exeunt. Manet Warwick.*]

War. I came from *Edward* as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry's* misery,
But seek revenge on *Edward's* mockery. [*Exit.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to England.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.

G L O U C E S T E R.

NOW tell me, brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Cla. Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to *France*:
How could he stay 'till *Warwick* made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flourish.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen, Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings: Four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Cla. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother *Clarence*, how like you our choice, That you stand pensive as half malecontent?

Cla. As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or th' Earl of *Warwick*, Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment, That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause: They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*, Your King and *Warwick's*, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our King. Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother *Richard*, you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no: God forbid that I should wish Them severed whom God hath join'd together! Pity to funder them, that yolk so well.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside, Tell me some reason why the Lady *Gray* Should not become my wife, and *England's* Queen. And you too, *Somerfet* and *Montague*, Speak freely what you think.

Cla. Then this is my opinion; that King *Lewis* Becomes your enemy, for mocking him About the marriage of the Lady *Bona*.

Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge, Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd, By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with *France* in such alliance, Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth 'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not *Montague* that of it self

England

England is safe, if true within it self?

Mont. Yes, but the safer when 'tis back'd with *France*.

Hast. 'Tis better using *France*, than trusting *France*.

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend our selves:
In them, and in our selves, our safety lyes.

Cla. For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord *Hungerford*.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or *Clarence*;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Cla. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor *Clarence*! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Cla. In chusing for your self, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King;
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than my self have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns;

What

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Sov'reign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

S C E N E II.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news from
France?

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no letters and few words,
But such as I (without your special pardon)
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee:
So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King *Lewis* to our letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is *Lewis* so brave? belike he thinks me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said *Henry's* Queen?
For so I heard that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she) my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwick* to these injuries?

Post.

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret*?

Post. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're so link'd in friendship,
The young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* daughter.

Cla. Belike the younger; *Clarence* will have the elder.
Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwick's* other daughter,
That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to your self.
You that love me and *Warwick*, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*

Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter:
I stay not for the love of *Edward*, but the crown. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwick*?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desp'rate case:
Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or will soon be landed:
My self in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*

But ere I go, *Hastings* and *Montague*,
Resolve my doubt: you twain of all the rest
Are near to *Warwick* by blood and by alliance;
Tell me if you love *Warwick* more than me.
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont.

Mont. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true!

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward's* cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour

'Till we meet *Warwick* with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

In Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French Soldiers.

War. **T**Rust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people swarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* come:

Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?

Clà. Oh! fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then, gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*;

And welcome, *Somerset*: I hold it cowardise

To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward's* brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.

But welcome, friend, my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?

Our scouts have found th' adventure very easie:

That as *Ulysses* and stout *Diomedes*

With flight and manhood stole to *Rhesus' Tents*,

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K k

And

And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal steeds;
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
 At unawares may beat down *Edward's* guard,
 And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,
 For I intend but only to surprize him.
 You that will follow me to this attempt,
 Applaud the name of *Henry* with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry!*

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
 For *Warwick* and his friends, God and St. *George!* [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
 The King by this has set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
 Never to lye and take his natural rest,
 'Till *Warwick*, or himself, be quite supprest.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
 If *Warwick* be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that
 That with the King here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King
 That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
 While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
 I like it better than a dang'rous honour.

If *Warwick* knew in what estate he stands,
 'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent,
 But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French
Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent, and see where stands his guard :
Courage, my masters : honour now or never !
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1 Watch. Who goes there ?

2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick ! Warwick ! and set
upon the Guard, who fly, crying, Arms ! Arms ! Warwick
and the rest following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding,

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in
a gown, sitting in a chair ; Gloucester and Hastings flying over
the Stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there ?

War. *Richard* and *Hastings* ; let them go, here is
The Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke ! why, *Warwick*, when we parted
Thou call'dst me King.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.
When you disgrac'd me in my Ambassade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of *York*.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use Ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shrowd your self from enemies ?

K. Edw. Brother of *Clarence*, and art thou here too ?
Nay then I see that *Edward* must needs down.
Yet, *Warwick*, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thy self, and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as King:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then for his mind be *Edward* England's King;
[Takes off his Crown.

But *Henry* now shall wear the *English* crown,
And be true King indeed; thou but a shadow.
My Lord of *Somerset*, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of *York*:
When I have fought with *Pembroke* and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell you what reply

Lewis and Lady *Bona* sent to him:

Now for a while farewell, good Duke of *York*!

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. [He is led out forcibly.

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
But march to *London* with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Rivers, and the Queen.

Riv. **M**Adam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Queen. Why, brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune has befalln King *Edward*?

Riv. What! loss of some pitcht battel against *Warwick*?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my Sovereign slain?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,

Or

Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares;
 And as I further have to understand,
 Is now committed to the Bishop of *York*,
 Fell *Warwick's* brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief:
 Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. 'Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
 And I the rather wean me from despair,
 For love of *Edward's* off-spring in my womb:
 This is't that makes me bridle in my passion,
 And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:
 Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
 And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
 Left with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
 King *Edward's* fruit, true heir to th' *English* crown.

Riv. But, Madam, where is *Warwick* then become?

Queen. I am inform'd that he comes towards *London*,
 To set the crown once more on *Henry's* head:
 Guess thou the rest, King *Edward's* friends must down.
 But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
 (For trust not him that once hath broken faith,)
 I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
 To save at least the heir of *Edward's* right.
 There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
 Come therefore let us fly, while we may fly;
 If *Warwick* take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

A Park in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. **N**OW, my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 Into

Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
 Thus stands the case; you know our King, my brother,
 Is pris'ner to the Bishop, at whose hands
 He hath good usage and great liberty,
 And often but attended with weak guard
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
 I have advertis'd him by secret means,
 That if about this hour he make this way
 Under the colour of his usual game,
 He shall here find his friends with horse and men
 To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lyes the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man, see where the huntsmen stand.
 Now, brother *Glo'ster*, *Hastings* and the rest,
 Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste,
 Your horse stands ready here at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To *Lyn*, my Lord,
 And ship from thence to *Flanders*.

Glo. Well guest, believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell, shield thee from *Warwick's* frown,
 And pray that I may repossess the crown. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Tower in LONDON.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Henry. **M**R. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov'reigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Henry. For what, Lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, *Warwick*, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee:
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer fortune's spight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice;

For

For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me when *Clarence* is in place.

Cla. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity
Adjudget an olive branch and lawrel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse *Clarence* only for Protector.

K. Henry. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your hands.
Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
That no dissention hinder government.
I make you both Protectors of this land,
While I my self will lead a private life;
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers *Clarence* to his Sov'reign's will?

Cla. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose my self.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll y oak together, like a double shadow
To *Henry's* body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiscated.

Cla. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That *Margaret* your Queen and my son *Edward*
Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed.
For 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Cla. It shall be done, my Sov'reign, with all speed.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Somerſet*, what youth is that
Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?

Som. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.

K. Henry. Come hither, *England*'s hope: if ſecret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head.*

Suggeſt but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs.
His looks are full of peaceful Majeſty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a ſcepter, and himſelf
Likely in time to bleſs a regal throne.
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Muſt help you more, than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Poſt.

War. What news, my friend?

Poſt. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears ſince, to *Burgundy*.

War. Unfavoury news; but how made he eſcape?

Poſt. He was convey'd by *Richard* Duke of *Glo'ſter*,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt ſide,
And from the Biſhop's huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For hunting was his daily exerciſe.

War. My brother was too careleſs of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sov'reign, to provide
A ſalve for any ſore that may betide.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent *Somerſet*, *Richmond*, and *Oxford*.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward*'s:
For doubtleſs *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we ſhall have more wars before't be long.
As *Henry*'s late preſaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*;
So doth my heart miſ-give me, in theſe conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours.

Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
 Forthwith we'll send him hence to *Britany*,
 'Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-possess the crown,
 'Tis like that *Richmond* with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to *Britany*.
 Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to YORK.**Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* **N**OW, brother *Richard*, *Hastings*, and the rest,
 Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
 And says, that once more I shall interchange
 My wained state for *Henry's* regal crown.
 Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
 And brought desired help from *Burgundy*.
 What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
 From *Ravenspurg*, before the gates of *York*,
 But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast! brother, I like not this.
 For many men that stumble at the threshold,
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. *Edw.* Tush, man, aboadments must not now affright us:
 By fair or foul means we must enter in,
 For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the Walls the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
 And shut the gates for safety of our selves;
 For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

K. *Edw.* But, master Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,

Yet

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Yet *Edward* at the least is Duke of *York*.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King *Henry*'s friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*He descends.*]

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, master Mayor; these gates must not be shut
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [*Takes his Keys.*]
For *Edward* will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir *John*; but why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good *Montgom'ry*: but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our Dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*The Drum begins a March.*]

L 1 2

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir *John*, a while, and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim your self our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
'Till then 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sov'reign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be *Edward's* champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [*Flourish.*

Sold. *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, King of England
and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And whoso'er gain-says King *Edward's* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*

All. Long live *Edward* the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave *Montgomery*; and thanks to all.
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now for this night let's harbour here at *York*:
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwick* and his mates;
For well I wot that *Henry* is no soldier.
Ah, froward *Clarence*, evil it beseems thee
To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy brother!
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*.

Come

Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day;
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Changes again to LONDON.

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, Warwick, Montague, Clarence,
Oxford, and Somerset.*

War. **W**Hat counsel, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hafty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to *London*,
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Cla. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,
Those will I muster up; and thou, son *Clarence*,
Shalt stir, in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leicestershire*, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy friends.
My Sov'reign, with the loving citizens,
(Like to his Island girt with th' Ocean,
Or modest *Dian* circled with her nymphs,)
Shall rest in *London*, 'till we come to him:
Fair Lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewel, my Sovereign!

K. Henry. Farewel, my *Hector*, and my *Troy's* true hope!

Cla. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

K. Henry.

K. *Henry*. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. *Henry*. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell!

War. Farewel, sweet Lords; let's meet at *Coventry*. [*Exeunt*.]

K. *Henry*. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordship?
Methinks the pow'r that *Edward* hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. *Henry*. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love *Edward* more than me?
No, *Exeter*, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within*. *A Lancaster! a Lancaster!*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, &c. with Soldiers.

K. *Edw*. Seize on the shame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
You are the fount that make small brooks to flow,
Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the *Tower*, let him not speak.

[*Ex. with King Henry*.]

And, Lords, to *Coventry* bend we our course,

Where

Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains.
The sun shines hot, and if we use delay
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers and others, upon the Walls.

WARWICK.

W Here is the post that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?
1 *Mess.* By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother *Montague*?
Where is the post that came from *Montague*?
2 *Mess.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somerville.

War. Say, *Somerville*, what says my loving son?
And by thy guess how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.
Somerv. It is not his, my Lord: here *Southam* lyes:
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

War. Who should that be? be like, unlook'd-for friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo.

Glo. See how the furly *Warwick* mans the wall.

War. Oh unbid spight! is sportful *Edward* come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick* patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of *York*.

Glo. I thought at least he would have said the King,
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick*'s gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And, weakling! *Warwick* takes his gift again,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his subject.

K. Edw. But *Warwick*'s King is *Edward*'s prisoner:
And, gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,
But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was flily finger'd from the deck:
You left poor *Henry* at the Bishop's palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the *Tower*.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are *Warwick* still.

Glo. Come, *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

S C E N E II.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.

War. O chearful colours! see where *Oxford* comes!

Oxf. *Oxford! Oxford!* for *Lancaster*.

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battel:
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, *Oxford!* for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. *Montague! Montague!* for *Lancaster*.

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Ev'n with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drum and Colours.

Som. *Somerset! Somerset!* for *Lancaster*.

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerset*,
Have sold their lives unto the house of *York*,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo! where *George of Clarence* sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battel:
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love.

Come, *Clarence*, come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.

Cla. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

[*Takes his red rose out of his hat and throws it towards Warwick.*]

I will not ruinate my father's house,

(Who gave his blood to lime the stones together)

And set up *Lancaster*. Why, trow'st thou, *Warwick*,

That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother, and his lawful King?

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath were more impiety,

Than *Jeptah's*, when he sacrific'd his daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,

That to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim my self thy mortal foe:

With resolution, wherefoe'er I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)

To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.

And so, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.

Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends:

And, *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, *Warwick*, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards *Barnet* presently,
And bid thee battel, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords! to the field; *St. George* and victory! [Exeunt.

March. *Warwick* and his Company follow.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*A Field of Battle near Barnet.**Alarum and Excursions. Enter King Edward bringing forth Warwick wounded.*

K. Edw. **S**O, lye thou there; die thou, and die our fear;
 For *Warwick* was a bug that scar'd us all.
 Now, *Montague*, fit fast, I seek for thee,
 That *Warwick's* bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
 And tell me who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
 Why ask I that? my mangled body shews,
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
 That I must yield my body to the earth,
 And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
 Thus yields the Cedar to the ax's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
 Whose top-branch over-peer'd *Jove's* spreading tree,
 And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'ful wind.
 These eyes that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 To search the secret treasons of the world.
 The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
 Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres:
 For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his brow?
 Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Ev'n now forsake me; and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And live we how we can, yet die we must.

M m 2

Enter

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, *Warwick, Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The Queen from *France* hath brought a puissant power.
Ev'n now we heard the news: ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why then I would not fly. ---- Ah, *Montague*,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, *Montague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, *Warwick, Montague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gasp cry'd out for *Warwick*:
And said, *Commend me to my valiant brother*.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
Oh! farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweetly rest his soul!
Fly, Lords, and save your selves, for *Warwick* bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [Dies.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.
[They bear away his Body, and Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Another part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. **T**HUS far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

But

But in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:

I mean, my Lords, those powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Cla. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her.
If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course tow'rd *Tewksbury*.
We having now the best at *Barnet* field,
Will thither straight; for willingness rids way:
And as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the drum, cry, courage! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

T E W K S B U R Y.

March. Enter *Queen Margaret*, *Prince of Wales*, *Somerſet*,
Oxford, and *Soldiers*.

Q. Mar. **G**reat Lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But chearly seek how to redress their harms,
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet that he

Should

Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
 With tear-full eyes add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to that which hath too much?
 While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
 Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
 Ah, what a shame, ah, what a fault were this!
 Say *Warwick* was our anchor; what of that?
 And *Montague* our top-mast; what of him?
 Our slaughter'd friends, the tackle; what of these?
 Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor?
 And *Somerſet* another goodly mast?
 The friends of *France* our shrouds and tacklings still?
 And though unskilful, why not *Ned* and I
 For once allow'd the ſkilful pilot's charge?
 We will not from the helm to ſit and weep,
 But keep our courſe, though the rough wind ſay no,
 From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck:
 As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſs ſea?
 What *Clarence*, but a quick-ſand of deceit?
 And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock?
 All theſe, the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say you can ſwim; alas, 'tis but a while;
 Tread on the ſand, why there you quickly ſink;
 Beſtride the rock, the tide will waſh you off,
 Or elſe you ſamiſh, that's a three-fold death.
 This ſpeak I, Lords, to let you underſtand,
 In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
 Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear.
Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant ſpirit
 Should, if a coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
 Infuſe his breaſt with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.

I ſpeak

I speak not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle *Somerſet*; sweet *Oxford*, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſs; it is his policy
To haſte thus faſt, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſs.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.

Oxf. Here pitch our battel, hence we will not budge.

SCENE VI.

March. Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heav'n's aſſiſtance and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give ſignal to the fight, and to it, Lords.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say
 My tears gain-say; for every word I speak,
 Ye see I drink the water of my eye:
 Therefore no more but this; *Henry*, your Sov'reign,
 Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
 His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent:
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
 You fight in justice: then in God's name, Lords,
 Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Alarum. Retreat. Excursions. Both Parties go out.

*Re-Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. Queen Margaret,
 Oxford, and Somerset Prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
 Away with *Oxford* to *Holmes-castle*^a straight:
 For *Somerset*, off with his guilty head.
 Go bear them hence, I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune. [*Exeunt.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
 To meet with joy in sweet *Jerusalem*.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds *Edward*
 Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is, and lo where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak,
 What? can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
 For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
 And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious *York*.
 Suppose that I am now my father's mouth,

(a) *Holmes-castle* is an old castle near Tewksbury.

Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor! thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night,
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:
Lascivious *Edward*, and thou, perjur'd *George*,
And thou, mis-shapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

Glo. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*

K. Edw. And take thou that, to end thy agony.

[*Edward stabs him.*

Cla. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Cla. stabs him.*

Q. Mar. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What? doth she swoon? use means for her recov'ry.

Glo. *Clarence*, excuse me to the King my brother:

I'll hence to *London* on a serious matter.

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Cla. What? what?

Glo. *Tower*, the *Tower*!

[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*! speak to thy mother, boy.
Can'st thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!
They that stabb'd *Cæsar* shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
 If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
 He was a man; this (in respect) a child,
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
 No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak ——
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
 Butchers and villains, bloody Canibals,
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
 You have no children, butchers; if you had,
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;
 But if you ever chance to have a child,
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
 As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young Prince.

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here:
 Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
 What? wilt thou not? then, *Clarence*, do it thou.

Cla. By heav'n, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good *Clarence*, do; sweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Cla. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thy self:
 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil-butcher,
Richard? hard-favour'd *Richard*, where art thou?
 Thou art not here: Murder is thy Almsdeed.
 Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!

[*Exit Q. Margaret.*]

K. Edw. Where's *Richard* gone?

Cla. To *London* all in post, and as I guess,
 To make a bloody supper in the *Tower*.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
 Now march we hence, discharge the common sort
 With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*;

And

And see our gentle Queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

The Tower of LONDON.

Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant on the Tower Walls.

Glo. **G**OOD day, my Lord; what, at your book so hard?
K. Henry. Ay, my good Lord; my Lord, I should
say rather,

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good *Glo'ster*, and good devil, were alike,
And both prepost'rous; therefore not good Lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant.

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf,
So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath *Richard* now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings mis-doubteth ev'ry bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of *Crete*,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, *Dædalus*; my poor boy, *Icarus*;
Thy father, *Minos* that deny'd our course;
The sun that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother *Edward*; and thy self, the sea,

Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words;
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
 Than can my ears that tragick history.
 But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Henry. A persecutor I am sure thou art;
 If murth'ring innocents be executing,
 Why then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
 Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
 And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
 And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands fate,
 And orphans for their parents timeles death,
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
 The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckles tune;
 Dogs howl'd, an hideous tempest shook down trees;
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung:
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
 To wit, an indigested deform'd lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signifie thou cam'st to bite the world:
 And if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.

Glo. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech;

[*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this ----

O! God

King HENRY VI.

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O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

[Dies.

Glo. What! will th' aspiring blood of *Lancaster*
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those who wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither, [*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of:
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd
O Jesus blefs us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was, which plainly signify'd
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dog:
Then since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother,
And this word *love* which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me! I am my self alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearful of his life,
And then to purge his fear I'll be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his son, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting my self but bad, 'till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, *Henry!* in the day of doom.

[Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

*The Palace in L O N D O N.**Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.*

K. *Edw.* **O**NCE more we sit on *England's* royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies :
 What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride ?
 Three Dukes of *Somerset*, three-fold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions :
 Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the son ;
 And two *Northumberlands* ; two braver men
 Ne'er spurr'd their courfers at the trumpet's sound.
 With them the two brave bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
 That in their chains fetter'd the Kingly Lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.
 Come hither, *Bess*, and let me kiss my boy :
 Young *Ned*, for thee, thine uncles and my self
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night,
 Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st re-possess the crown in peace ;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid, [*Aside.*
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave,
 And heave it shall some weight or break my back ;
 Work thou the way, and that shall execute. [*Pointing to his head.*

K. *Edw.* *Clarence* and *Glo'ster*, love my lovely Queen,
 And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Cla. The duty that I owe your Majesty
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen.

Queen. Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

To say the truth, so *Judas* kiss'd his master,
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers loves.

Cla. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reignier her father to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,
Such as besit the pleasure of the Court?
Sound, drums and trumpets; farewell, sow'r annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



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H. Gravelle inv. et Sculps.

King RICHARD III. Act 3. Sc. 8.

THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

RICHARD III.

VOL. IV.

O o

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Edward IV.
 Edward, *Prince of Wales, afterwards* Edward V. } *Sons to* Edward IV.
 Richard, *Duke of York.*
 George, *Duke of Clarence, Brother to* Edward IV.
 Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, Brother to* Edward IV. *afterwards* King Richard III.
 Cardinal, *Archbishop of York.*
 Duke of Buckingham.
 Duke of Norfolk.
 Earl of Surrey.
 Marquiss of Dorset, *Son to the Queen.*
 Earl Rivers, *Brother to the Queen.*
 Lord Gray, *Son to the Queen.*
 Earl of Richmond, *afterwards* King Henry VII.
 Bishop of Ely.
 Lord Hastings.
 Sir Thomas Vaughan, *a Friend to the Queen's Family.*
 Sir Richard Ratcliff, }
 Lord Lovel, } *Friends to the Duke of Gloucester.*
 Catesby, }
 Sir James Tyrrel, *a Villain.*
 Lord Stanley, *Steward of the Household to* Edward IV.
 Earl of Oxford, }
 Blount, } *Friends to the Earl of Richmond.*
 Herbert, }
 Sir William Brandon, }
 Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
 Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.
 Lord Mayor.
 Sir Christopher Urswick, *a Priest and Chaplain to the Countess of Richmond.*

 Queen of Edward IV.
 Queen Margaret, *Widow of* Henry VI.
 Anne, *Widow of* Edward Prince of Wales, *Son to* Henry VI. *afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.*
 Dutcheſs of York, *Mother to* Edward IV, Clarence, and Richard III.

 Sheriff, Purſuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murder'd by Richard III.
 with Soldiers and other Attendants.

The SCENE in ENGLAND.

The

The COURT.

NOW is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this Sun of *York*;
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooch'd his wrinkled front;
And now instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass,
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's grace,
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world; scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,

That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them :
 Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)
 Have no delight to pass away the time ;
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother *Clarence* and the King
 In deadly hate, the one against the other :
 And if King *Edward* be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
 This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy which says that G
 Of *Edward's* heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day ; what means this armed guard
 That waits upon your Grace ?

Cla. His Majesty,
 Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the *Tower*.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Cla. Because my name is *George*.

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of yours :
 He should for that commit your godfathers.
 Belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
 That you should be new christned in the *Tower*.
 But what's the matter, *Clarence*, may I know ?

Cla. Yea, *Richard*, when I know ; for I protest
 As yet I do not ; but as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,

And

And from the cross-row plucks the letter G;
And says a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
'Tis not the King that sends you to the *Tower*;
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodvil he her brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the *Tower*?
From whence this day he is delivered.

We are not safe; *Clarence*, we are not safe.
Cla. By heav'n, I think there is no man secure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge between the King and mistress *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow, and her self,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majesty hath straitly giv'n in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Ev'n so, an't please your worship, *Brakenbury*!
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man ---- we say the King.

Is wife and virtuous, and his noble Queen
 Well strook in years, fair, and not over-jealous.
 We say that *Shore's* wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue:
 That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
 How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my Lord, my self have nought to do.

Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with mistress *Shore*?
 I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
 Excepting one, were best do it secretly.

Brak. What one, my Lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave ----- wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
 And to forbear your conference with the Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
 Brother, farewell; I will unto the King,
 And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
 (Were it to call King *Edward's* widow sister)
 I will perform it to infranchise you.
 Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
 Mean time have patience.

Cla. I must perforce. [Exeunt *Brakenbury* and *Clarence*.]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return:
 Simple plain *Clarence* ----- I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heav'n,
 If heav'n will take the present at my hands.
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd *Hastings*?

Enter Lord *Hastings*.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord!

Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!

Well

Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble Lord, as pris'ners must;
But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity, that the Eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now by St. *Paul*, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is, my Lord.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you. [Exit Hastings.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to baffle in!
For then, I'll marry *Warwick's* youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
Which I, by marrying her, must reach unto.

But

But yet I run before my horse to market :

Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and reigns ;

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

A Street.

*Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with halberds to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

Anne. SET down, set down your honourable load,
 If honour may be shrowded in a herse ;
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
 Th' untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaster*.
 Poor clay-cold figure of a holy King !
 Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster* !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood,
 Be't lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor *Anne*,
 Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stab'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds.
 Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes !
 Curs'd be the heart that had the heart to do it !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view :
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made

More

More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord and thee!
Come now tow'rs *Chertsey* with your holy load,
Taken from *Paul's* to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, while I lament King *Henry's* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the Coarse; or, by *St. Paul*,
I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My Lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by *St. Paul*, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou had'st but pow'r over his mortal body,
His soul thou can'st not hurt; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet faint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul dev'l! for God's sake hence, trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh, gentlemen! see! see dead *Henry's* wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells,
Thy deeds inhuman and unnatural,

Provoke this deluge most unnatural.
 O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
 O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
 Or heav'n with lightning strike the murth'rer dead;
 Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
 As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;
 No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry:
 Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
 Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
 By circumstance, but to acquit my self.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
 For these known evils, but to give me leave,
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
 Some patient leisure to excuse my self.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee,
 Thou canst make no excuse that will be currant,
 Unless thou hang thy self.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse my self.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
 For doing worthy vengeance on thy self,
 That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
 But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st. Queen Marg'ret saw

Thy

Thy murd'rous faulchion smoaking in his blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her fland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on ought but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heav'n that hath him.

Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help'd to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyeest!

Glo. So will it, madam, 'till I lye with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. And I know so. But, gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method:
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurst th' effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thy self, fair creature, thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: why dost thou spit at me? [*She spits at him.*]

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

Not when my father *York*, and *Edward* wept,

To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made,

When black-fac'd *Clifford* shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told

Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees be-dash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kissing, Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch: 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;
But 'twas thy heav'nly face that set me on. *[She falls the sword.]*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Ev'n so thy breast incloseth my poor heart:

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to *Crosby-place*:^a

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At *Chertsey* monast'ry this noble King,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,

I will with all expedient duty see you.

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,

To see you are become so penitent.

Trassel and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt two with Anne.*]

Glo. Take up the Coarse.

Gent. Towards *Chertsey*, noble Lord?

(a) *A house near Bishops-gate-Street belonging to the Duke of Gloucester.*

Glo. No, to *White-Friars*, there attend my coming.

[*Exe. with the Coarse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
 Was ever woman in this humour won?
 I'll have her — but I will not keep her long.
 What! I that kill'd her husband and his father!
 To take her in her heart's extreamest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of my hatred by:
 With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
 And I no friends to back my suit withal,
 But the plain devil and dissembling looks:
 And yet to win her — All the world to nothing!
 Ha!
 Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three months since,
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
 Young, wise, and valiant, and no doubt right royal,
 The spacious world cannot again afford:
 And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
 That cropt the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
 And made her widow to a woful bed?
 On me, whose all not equals *Edward's* moiety?
 On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this while:
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 My self to be a marv'lous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with my self,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But first I'll turn yon fellow into his grave,
 And

And then return lamenting to my love;
 Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

The Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, Lord Gray, and Dorset.

Riv. **H**Ave patience, Madam, there's no doubt, his Majesty
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
 Therefore for God's sake entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The heav'ns have blest you with a goodly son
 To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
 Is put unto the trust of *Richard Glo'ster*,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be Protector?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
 But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Gray. Here come the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley*.

Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace!

Stan. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The Countess *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Stanley*,
 To your good prayer will scarcely say Amen;
 Yet, *Stanley*, notwithstanding she's your wife,
 And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious flanders of her false accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness; which I think proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of *Stanley*?

Stan. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen. God grant him health! did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, we did; he seeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of *Glo'ster* and your brothers,
And between them and my lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. Would all were well — but that will never be —
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester, and Hastings.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complain unto the King,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with *French* nods, and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By filken, sly, insinuating jacks?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,

Whom God preserve better than you would wish,
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of *Glo'ster*, you mistake the matter :
 The King of his own royal disposition,
 And not provok'd by any suitor else,
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
 That in your outward action shews it self
 Against my children, brother, and my self,
 Hath sent for you, that he may learn the ground
 Of your ill will, and thereby may remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell ; the world is grown so bad,
 That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.
 Since every jack became a gentleman,
 There's many a gentle person made a jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother *Glo'ster*.
 You envy my advancement and my friends :
 God grant we never may have need of you !

Glo. Mean time God grants that we have need of you.
 Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
 My self disgrac'd, and the Nobility
 Held in contempt, while many fair promotions
 Are daily given to ennoble those,
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
 From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
 I never did incense his Majesty
 Against the Duke of *Clarence* ; but have been
 An earnest advocate to plead for him.
 My Lord, you do me shameful injury,
 Falsely to draw me in these wild suspects.

Glo. You may deny too that you were the cause
 Of my Lord *Hastings*' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for ----

Glo. She may, Lord *Rivers* ? why, who knows not so ?
 She may do more, Sir, than denying that :

She

She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? she may ---- ay marry may she ----

Riv. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King,
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Queen. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, I have too long born
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great Queen with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at.
Small joy have I in being *England's* Queen.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and feat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the King:
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor son, at *Tewksbury*.

Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband *Gray*

Qq 2

Were

Were factious for the house of *Lancaster* ;
 And, *Rivers*, so were you ; ---- was not your husband,
 In *Marg'ret's* battel, at St. *Albans* slain ?
 Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
 What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
 Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murth'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forsake his father *Warwick*,
 Ay, and forswore himself, (which Jesu pardon !) ----

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glo. To fight on *Edward's* party for the crown,
 And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up :
 I would to God my heart were flint, like *Edward's*,
 Or *Edward's* soft and pitiful, like mine ;
 I am too childish, foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
 Thou Cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, in those busie days,
 Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
 We follow'd then our Lord, our Sov'reign King ;
 So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be ! ---- I had rather be a pedlar ;
 Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose
 You should enjoy, were you this country's King,
 As little joy you may suppose in me,
 That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof ;
 For I am she, and altogether joyless.
 I can no longer hold me patient.
 Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
 In sharing that which you have pill'd from me ;
 Which of you trembles not that looks on me ?
 If not that, I being Queen, you bow like subjects ;
 Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?
 Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glo.

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me, [To Gloucester!

And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance; [To the Queen.

The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then to dry them gav'st the Duke a clout,

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty *Rutland*;

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee;

And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did *York's* dread curse prevail so much with heav'n,

That *Henry's* death, my lovely *Edward's* death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,

Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?

Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses.

If not by war, by surfeit die your King!

As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward thy son, that now is Prince of *Wales*,

For *Edward* our son, that was Prince of *Wales*,

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!

Thy self a Queen, for me that was a Queen,

Out-

Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
 Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
 Long die thy happy days before thy death,
 And after many length'ned hours of grief,
 Die, neither mother, wife, nor *England's* Queen!
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers-by,
 And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 By some unlook'd for accident all cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
 If heav'ns have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, 'till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul;
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-markt, abortive, rooting hog,
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell:
 Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb,
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested ----

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard.

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think

That

That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against your self.

Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottel'd spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thy self:
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False boading woman, end thy frantick curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master Marquiss, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce currant.

O that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquiss.

Dorf. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
Our Ai'ry buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your Ai'ry buildeth in our Ai'ry's nest;
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it!

As

As it was won with blood, so be it lost!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O Princely *Buckingham*, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.
O *Buckingham*, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks upon him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day;
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;

And say poor *Marg'ret* was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subject to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[*Exit.*

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I wonder she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My

My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dorf. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong :
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd ;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains,
God pardon them that are the cause thereof !

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd ;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd my self.

[*Aside.*

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my noble Lord.

Queen. *Catesby*, we come ; Lords, will you go with us ?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set a-broach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls,
Namely to *Stanley*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham* ;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Gray*.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I cloathe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a Saint, when most I play the Devil.

Enter two Villains.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

1 *Vil.* We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby*-place.
But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

2 *Vil.* Fear not, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads; about your business; go. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. WHY looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Cla. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of ugly fights, of ghastly dreams,
That as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you, tell me.

Cla. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*,
And in my company my brother *Glo'ster*,

Who

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd *England*,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of *York* and *Lancaster*,
 That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that *Glo'ster* stumbled, and in falling
 Struck me (that sought to stay him) over-board,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
 What fights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon:
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Cla. Methought I had, and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in this fore agony?

Cla. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.
 O then began the tempest to my soul:
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned *Warwick*,
 Who cry'd aloud ---- *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud ----
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments ----
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell.
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Cla. Ah! *Brakenbury*, I have done those things,
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For *Edward's* sake; and see how he requites me!
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
 I pr'ythee, *Brakenbury*, stay by me;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my Lord; God give your Grace good rest!
 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour, for an inward toil;
 And for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares:
 So that between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SCENE

SCENE VI

Enter the two Villains.

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's here?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how cam'st thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads.*] I am in this commanded, to deliver The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands. I will not reason what is meant hereby, Because I will be guiltless of the meaning. There lyes the Duke asleep, and there the keys. I'll to the King, and signify to him, That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*]

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word *judgment* hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant: but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Glo'ster*, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thy self now?

2 *Vil.* Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

SCENE

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glo'ster's* purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee figh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him on the costard, with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device, and make a fop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?

2 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

Cla. Where art thou, Keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Cla. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am, royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you as we are, loyal.

Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Cla.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

2 Vil. To, to, to ----

Cla. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Cla. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 Vil. Offended us you have not, but the King.

Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 Vil. Never, my Lord, therefore prepare to die.

Cla. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have giv'n their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor *Clarence*' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 Vil. What we will do, we do upon command.

2 Vil. And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cla. Erroneous vassals! the great King of Kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 Vil. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of *Lancaster*.

1 Vil. And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst

Didst break that vow, and with thy treach'rous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

Cla. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murder me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,^a
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect, or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Cla. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Cla. If you do love my brother, hate not me:
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother *Glo'ster*:
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd, your brother *Glo'ster* hates you.

Cla. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

1 *Vil.* Ay, so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father *York*
Blest his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:

(a) ----- for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publicly,
Take not, &c.

This line interpolated since the first edition.

Bid *Glo'ster* think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Vil.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Cla. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Vil.* As snow in harvest: ---- you deceive your self,
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with fobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Vil.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord.

Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Vil.* What shall we do?

Cla. Relent, and save your souls.^a

1 *Vil.* Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me.^b

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

[*Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit.*

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately dispatch'd:

(a) ---- and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as your selves came to you,
Would not intreat for life? as you would beg
Were you in my distress ----

1 *Vil.* Relent? &c.

(b) ---- intreat for me,

A begging Prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.

1 *Vil.* Take that, &c.

VOL. IV.

S f

How

These lines are not in the old edition.

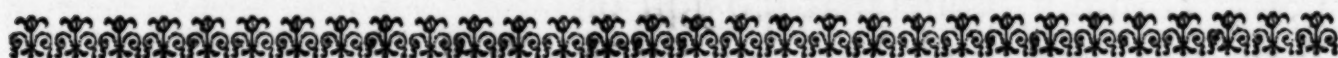
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murther!

Re-enter first Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me not?
By heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you've been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
'Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.



ACT II. SCENE I.

The COURT.

*Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings,
Catesby, Buckingham, and other Lords.*

K. EDWARD.

WHY, so; now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to recall me hence.
And now in peace my soul shall part to heav'n,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth;
Hastings and *Rivers*, take each other's hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw.

K. *Edw.* Take heed you dally not before your King,
Lest he that is the supream King of Kings
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my heart!

K. *Edw.* Madam, your self is not exempt from this;
Nor your son *Dorset*; *Buckingham*, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, *Hastings*; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. *Edw.* *Dorset*, embrace him: *Hastings*, love Lord Marquiss.

Dorf. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. *Edw.* Now, Princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love [To the Queen.
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. [Embracing Rivers, &c.

K. *Edw.* A pleasing cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother *Glo'ster* here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Gloucester and Ratcliff.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen;
And, Princely Peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
Brother, we have done deeds of charity,
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most Sovereign Liege:
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise
Hold me a foe: if I unwittingly
Have ought committed that is hardly born
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service.
Of you, my noble cousin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert have frown'd on me:
Of you, Lord *Woodvil*, and Lord *Scales*, of you,
Dukes, Earls, Lords, gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
I would to God all strifes were well compounded!
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother *Clarence* to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? [*They all start.*

You

You do him injury to scorn his Coarse.

K. *Edw.* Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Queen. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dorf. Ay, my good Lord; and no man in the presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. *Edw.* Is *Clarence* dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged *Mercury* did bear:
Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.

God grant, that some less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from suspicion!

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.

K. *Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. *Edw.* Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my servant's life,
Who flew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

K. *Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at *Tewksbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he rescued me,
And said, *Dear brother, live and be a King?*

Who

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Ev'n in his garments, and did give himself
 All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters, or your waiting vassals
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You strait are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
 But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, spake unto my self
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life:
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
 O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
 Come, *Hastings*, help me to my closet. Ah!
 Poor *Clarence*! [Exeunt some with the King and Queen.
Glo. These are the fruits of rashness: mark'd you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*' death?
 Oh! they did urge it still unto the King.
 God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
 To comfort *Edward* with our company? [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two Children of Clarence.

Son. **G**OOD grandam, tell us, is our father dead?
Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast?
 And cry, O *Clarence*! *my unhappy son*!

Son.

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him; not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead:
The King mine uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earnest prayers.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace; the King doth love you well.
Incapable and shallow innocents!
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle *Glo'ster*
Told me the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me; and kindly kiss my cheek;
Bad me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers and Dorset
after her.*

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment my self?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to my self become an enemy ---

Dutch.

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragick violence.

Edward, my Lord, thy son, our King, is dead.

Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;

That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's,

Or like obedient subjects follow him,

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah! so much int'rest have I in thy sorrow,

As I had title to thy noble husband;

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,

And liv'd by looking on his images.

But now two mirrors of his Princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;

And I for comfort have but one false glass,

That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,

And hast the comfort of thy children left:

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,

And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,

(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,

Your widow dolours likewise be unwept!

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,

I am not barren to bring forth complaints:^a

Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord *Edward*!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord *Clarence*!

(a) ----- forth complaints:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I being govern'd by the watry moon,

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.

Ah, for my husband -----

Dutch.

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence*!

Queen. What stay had I, but *Edward*? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and so do I;
I for a *Clarence* weep, so doth not she;
These babes for *Clarence* weep, and so do I.
Alas! you three, on me threefold distressed
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That with unthankfulness you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with heav'n,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you like a careful mother
Of the young Prince your son; send strait for him,
Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead *Edward*'s grave,
And plant your joys in living *Edward*'s throne.

S C E N E III.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings and Ratcliff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star:
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,

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T t

I did

I did not see you. Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

[*Aside.*

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love;
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancor of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetcht
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, left by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd,
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself:
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Stan. And so in me, and so I think in all.
Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet but few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo.

Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall post to *Ludlow*.
Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
To give your censures in this weighty business? [*Exeunt.*

Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake let not us two stay at home;
For by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! — my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd *Ludlow* then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* **G**OOD morrow, neighbour, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know my self:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r Lady, seldom comes a better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King *Edward's* death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true, God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall reign.

T t 2

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* Wo to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government :
Which in his non-age, counsel under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself
No doubt shall then, and 'till then govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when *Henry* the Sixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ster*,
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This fickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.*

- 2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the Justices.
 3 *Cit.* And so was I, I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Court.

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.

Arch. **I** Heard they lay the last night at *Northampton*,
 At *Stony-Stratford* they do rest to-night:
 To-morrow or next day they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince;
 I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, not; they say my son of *York*
 Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my good cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
 My uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
 More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle *Glo'ster*,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
 And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,
 Because sweet flow'rs are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
 In him that did object the same to thee.
 He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
 So long a growing, and so leisurely,
 That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
 I could have giv'n my uncle's Grace a flout
 To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young *York*? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

York. *Grandam*, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy --- go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Mes. Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well, Madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord *Rivers* and Lord *Gray* are sent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes,
Glo'ster and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lady.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne;
Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown,

And

And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being feated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves the conquerors
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,
Self against self: O most preposterous
And frantick outrage! end thy damned spleen,
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep; and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in London.

The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with others.

BUCKINGHAM.

Welcome, sweet Prince, to London, to your^a chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle, but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy.
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, th'untainted virtue of your years

(a) London was anciently call'd Camera regia.

Hath

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :
 No more can you distinguish of a man,
 Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
 Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
 Those uncles which you want were dangerous :
 Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
 But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
 God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends, but they were none.

Glo. My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all :
 I thought my mother, and my brother *York*,
 Would long ere this have met us on the way.
 Fie, what a slug is *Hastings* ! that he comes not
 To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord ; what, will our mother come ?

Hast. On what occasion God he knows, not I,
 The Queen your mother, and your brother *York*,
 Have taken Sanctuary ; the tender Prince
 Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
 But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
 Is this of hers ? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
 Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of *York*
 Unto his Princely brother presently ?
 If she deny, Lord *Hastings*, you go with him,
 And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak oratory
 Can from his mother win the Duke of *York*,
 Anon expect him here ; but if she be

Obdu-

Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of Sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless, obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional.

Weigh it but with the greenness of his age,
You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place:
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.

Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary-men,
But Sanctuary-children ne'er 'till now.

Arch. My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my Lord. [*Exeunt Archbishop and Hastings.*]

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
Say, uncle *Glo'ster*, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn 'till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the *Tower*:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any place;
Did *Julius Cæsar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding ages have rebuilt.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register'd,

Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal wife antiquary,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

[*Aside.*

Prince. That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death made no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in *France* again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short summer lightly has a forward spring.

Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.

Buck. Now in good time here comes the Duke of *York*.

Prince. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours;
Too soon he dy'd that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of *York*?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,

But

But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you uncle then, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give,
And being a toy it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then I see you'll part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. I'd weigh it lightly were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little Lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of *York* will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious Lord, will't please you pass along?
My self and my good cousin *Buckingham*
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector here will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the *Tower*.

Glo. Why, Sir, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle *Clarence*' angry ghost:

My grandam told me he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.

But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Archbishop.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a per'lous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest: come, *Catesby*, thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter
To make Lord *William Hastings* of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the feat royal of this famous Isle?

Catesb. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to ought against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? will not he?

Catesb. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle *Catesby*,
And as it were far off sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the *Tower*,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thy self shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him, *Catesby*,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at *Pomfret*-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress *Shore* one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, go, effect this business soundly.

Catesby. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleep?

Catesby. You shall, my Lord.

Glo. At *Crosby*-place, there you shall find us both.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Buck. My Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do,
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
Th' Earldom of *Hereford*, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, stood possessor.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Lord Hastings's House.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mes. MY Lord, my Lord!
Hast. Who knocks?

Mes. One from Lord *Stanley*.

Hast.

Hast. What is't a clock?

Mef. Upon the stroak of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mef. So it appears by what I have to say:

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mef. Then certifies your Lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held,
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him tow'ards the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and my self are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance;
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the *Tower*,
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

Mef. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say. [Exit.]

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble Lord!

Hast.

Hast. Good morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What news, what news in this our tott'ring state?

Cates. It is a reeling world indeed, my Lord;
And I believe will never stand upright,
'Till *Richard* wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?

Cates. Ay, my good Lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on *Richard's* side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, *Catesby*, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who as thou know'st are dear
To Princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you ----
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord, good morrow; and good morrow, *Catesby*;
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as yours,
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet you see how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we tow'rd the *Tower*? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what, my Lord?
To-day the Lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.*

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;
Then was I going prisoner to the *Tower*,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies.
But now I tell thee, keep it to thy self,
This day those enemies are put to death,

And

And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purf. God hold it to your honours good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow; there drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse.*]

Purf. I thank your honour.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart;
I'm in your debt for your last exercise:

Come the next sabbath, and I will content you. [*He whispers.*]

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need the Priest,
Your honour hath no thriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the *Tower*?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I shall not stay:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*]
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Pomfret-Castle.

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Lord Rivers,
Lord Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to death.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,

VOL. IV.

X x

To-

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*! O thou bloody prison!
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:

And for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Gray. Now *Marg'ret's* curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, You, and I,
For standing by when *Richard* stab'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she *Richard*, curs'd she *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd she *Hastings*. O remember, God!

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:

As for my sister and her Princely sons,

Be satisfy'd, dear God! with our true blood;

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, *Gray*; come, *Vaughan*; let us all embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Tower.

Buckingham, *Stanley*, *Hastings*, *Bishop of Ely*, *Catesby*, *Norfolk*,
Ratcliff, *Lovel*, *with others*, *at a table.*

Hast. **N**OW, noble Peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation:

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine:
Lord *Hastings*, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not founded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My noble Lords and cousins all, good morrow;
I have been long a sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William Lord *Hastings* had pronounc'd your part,
I mean your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord *Hastings* no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was last in *Holbourne*,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart. [*Exit Ely.*]

Glo. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Catesby hath founded *Hastings* in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent,
His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,

X x 2

Shall

Shall lose the royalty of *England's* throne.

Buck. Withdraw your self a while, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Buckingham.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph:
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I my self am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord the Duke of Gloucester?
I have sent straitway for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face strait shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
To doom th' offenders, whoso'er they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:
And this is *Edward's* wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet *Shore*,

That

That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble Lord ———

Glo. If? thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of Ifs? thou art a traitor ———

Off with his head ——— now, by Saint *Paul* I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and *Catesby*, look that it be done:

The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Lovel and Catesby, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe, for *England*! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dream the boar did rase our helms,

But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly;

Three times to-day my foot-cloth-horse did stumble,

And started when he look'd upon the *Tower*,

As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the Priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the Pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,

To-day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,

And I my self secure in grace and favour.

Oh *Marg'ret*, *Marg'ret*, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor *Hastings'* wretched head.

Cates. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in th' air of your fair looks,

Lives like a drunken sailer on a mast,

Ready with every nod to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. Oh bloody *Richard*! miserable *England*!

I prophesie the fearful time to thee,

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

Come,

Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Continues in the Tower.

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty Armour, marvellous
ill-favour'd.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.

Glo. Here comes the Mayor.

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him -----
Lord Mayor -----

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, a drum!

Glo. Some one o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent -----

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel and Catesby with Hastings's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; *Catesby* and *Lovel*.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Glo.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest, harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian:
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That, (his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with *Shore's* wife)
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor —
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it) that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of *Glo'ster*?

Mayor. What? had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are *Turks* or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death;
But that the extream peril of the case,
The peace of *England*, and our person's safety
Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress *Shore*.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your Lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning hath prevented;
Because, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and tim'rously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons:
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may

Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. Tut! my good Lord, your Grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell. [Exit Mayor.

Glo. Go after, after, cousin *Buckingham*.
The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all post:
There at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of *Edward's* children;
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate *Edward*, noble *York*
My Princely father then had wars in *France*;
And by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke, my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my Lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,

Were

Were for my self; and so, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's* castle,^a
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four a clock,
Look for the news that the *Guild-Hall* affords. [*Exit* Buckingham.]

Glo. Go, *Lovel*, with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*.
Go thou to Friar *Peuker*, bid them both [*To* Catesby.
Meet me within this hour at *Baynard's* Castle.

[*Exeunt* Lovel and Catesby severally.]

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of fight;
And to give order, that no sort of person
Have any time recourse unto the Princes. [*Exit.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in *Paul's*.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing.
And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while; who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealings must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*

(a) *A house in Thames-street belonging to the Duke of Gloucester.*

SCENE VII.

*Baynard's Castle.**Enter Gloucester and Buckingham at several doors.**Glo.* **H**OW now, how now, what say the citizens?*Buck.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.*Glo.* Touch'd you the bastardy of *Edward's* children?*Buck.* I did, with his contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his contract by deputy in *France*;
Th' unfatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in *France*,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in *Scotland*,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.
And when my oratory grew tow'rd end,
I bid them that did love their country's good,
Cry, God save *Richard*, *England's* royal King!*Glo.* And did they so?*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word,
But like dumb statues or unbreathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was, the people were not used

To

To be spoke to except by the Recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :
 Thus faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o'th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, God save King *Richard* !
 And thus I took the vantage of those few.
 Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
 This general applause and chearful shout
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to *Richard*.
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, they would not speak ?
 Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come ?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand ; pretend some fear,
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit ;
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my Lord,
 For on that ground I'll build a holy descant :
 And be not easily won to our requests :
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go : and if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say nay to thee, for my self ;
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue. [Exit Gloucester.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord. I dance attendance here,
 I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. *Catesby*, what says your Lord to my request ?

Cates. He doth intreat your Grace, my noble Lord,
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day ;
 He is within, but with two reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation ;

And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my self, the Mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our gen'ral good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cates. I'll signifie so much unto him strait. [Exit.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of curtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines:
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sov'reignty thereof,
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God shield, his Grace should say us nay.

Buck. I fear he will; here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter *Catesby*.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heav'n, we come to him in perfect love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace. [Exit *Catesby*.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Gloucester above, between two Clergymen.

Catesby returns.

Mayor. See where his Grace stands 'tween two Clergymen.

Buck. Two props of virtue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And see a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet* ! most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apology ;
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Ev'n that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd Isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgraceful in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord : would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supream seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble Isle doth want her proper limbs :

Her

Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
 And almost shoulder'd into th' swallowing gulph
 Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.
 Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land:
 Not as Protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your Empery, your own.
 For this, comforted with the citizens
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.
 For not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of Sov'reignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me.
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
 Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then in speaking, not incur the last,
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,

Being

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea ;
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, were there need:
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make us, doubtless, happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,
 Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace,
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that *Edward* is your brother's son ;
 So say we too, but not by *Edward's* wife :
 For first was he contract to Lady *Lucy*,
 Your mother lives a witness to that vow ;
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd
 To *Bona*, sister to the King of *France*.
 These both put off, a poor petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
 A beauty-waining, and distressed widow,
 Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This *Edward*, whom our manners call the Prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that for reverence of some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my Lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;
 If not to bless us and the land withal,

Yet

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.

I do beseech you, take it not amiss,

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child your brother's son;
(As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally indeed to all estates)

Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our King,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and down-fall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens, we will intreat no more.

[*Exeunt.*

Cates. Call them again, sweet Prince, accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you inforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of *Buckingham*, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your

Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God bless your Grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,
Long live King *Richard*, *England's* worthy King!

All. Amen!

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.
Farewel, my cousin; farewel, gentle friends!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the TOWER.

*Enter the Queen, Anne Dutchess of Gloucester with the Daughter
of Clarence in her hand, the Dutchess of York, and
Marquiss of Dorset.*

DUTCHESS.

WHO meets us here? my niece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of *Glo'ster*?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the *Tower*,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Queen. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?

Anne. No farther than the *Tower*, and as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,

To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of *York*?

Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I mean the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their fights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieu. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit Lieutenant.*]

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of *York* as mother
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you must strait to *Westminster*,
There to be crowned *Richard's* royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your Grace!

Queen. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels,
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If

If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell.
Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Marg'ret's* curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor *England's* counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam;
Take all the swift advantage of the time;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, e'er men can say, God save the Queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour with thy self no harm.

Anne. No! why? when he that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry's* Coarse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I say, I look'd on *Richard's* face,
This was my wish; *be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd*,
For making me, so young, so old a widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me, by my dear Lord's death!

Loe, e'er I can repeat this curse again,
 Within so small a time, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
 Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd.
 Besides, he hates me for my father *Warwick*,
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than, with my soul, I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Dorset.*

Go thou to *Richard*, and good angels tend thee!

[*To Anne.*

Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts possess thee!

[*To the Queen.*

I to my Grave, where peace and rest lye with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the *Tower*.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old fullen play-fellow,

For tender Princes; use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Court.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King, Buckingham, Catesby.

K. Rich. **S**Tand all apart ---- cousin of *Buckingham* ----
Buck. My gracious Sovereign!

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
 And thy assistance, is King *Richard* seated:
 But shall we wear these glories for a day?
 Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, *Buckingham*, now do I play the touch,
 To try if thou be currant gold indeed:
 Young *Edward* lives ---- think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Why, *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned Liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I a King? 'tis so ---- but *Edward* lives ----

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence!
 That *Edward* still should live. True, noble Prince?
 Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.
 Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead,
 And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
 What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
 Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear Lord,
 Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your Grace immediately. *[Exit Buckingham.]*

Catesb. The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. *[Aside.]*

K. Rich.

K. *Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys ; none are for me,
That look into me with confid'rate eyes.
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.
Boy!

Page. My Lord.

K. *Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. *Rich.* What is his name?

Page. His name, my Lord, is *Tyrrel*.

K. *Rich.* I partly know the man ; go call him hither.

[*Exit Boy.*

The deep-revolving witty *Buckingham*
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the news?

Stan. My Lord,

The Marquis *Dorset*, as I hear, is fled
To *Richmond*, in the parts where he abides.

K. *Rich.* Come hither, *Catesby*; rumour it abroad,
That *Anne* my wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry strait to *Clarence*' daughter ---
(The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.)

Look how thou dream'st --- I say again, give out,
That *Anne* my Queen is sick, and like to die.
About it ; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.

I must

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy name *Tyrrel*?

Tyr. James *Tyrrel*, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou indeed?

[He takes him aside.]

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon;
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the *Tower*.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, *Tyrrel*,
Go by this token ---- rise, and lend thine ear ---- *[Whispers.]*
There is no more but so ---- say it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. Rich. *Stanley*, he is your wife's son; well look to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' Earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me --- *Henry* the Sixth Did prophesie, that *Richmond* should be King, When *Richmond* was a little peevish boy.

A King perhaps ---

Buck. My Lord, ---

K. Rich. How chance the Prophet could not at that time Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My Lord, your promise for the Earldom ---

K. Rich. *Richmond*? when I was last at *Exeter*, The Mayor in courtesie shewed me the castle, And call'd it *Rouge-mont*, at which name I started, Because a bard of *Ireland* told me once, I should not live long after I saw *Richmond*.

Buck. My Lord, ---

K. Rich. I, what's o' clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. But what's o' clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that like a Jack thou keep'st the stroke Betwixt thy begging and my meditation. I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why then resolve me if you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein. [Exit.

Buck. Is it ev'n so? repays he my deep service With such contempt? made I him King for this? O, let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone To *Brecnock*, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. **T**HE tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths sad stories.
O thus, quoth *Dighton*, lay the gentle babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest*, girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer-beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, quoth *Forrest*, almost chang'd my mind:
But, oh! the Devil — there the villain stopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on — we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.
Hence both are gone; with conscience and remorse
They could not speak, and so I left them both;
To bear these tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign Lord!

K. Rich. Kind *Tyrrel* — am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my Lord.

VOL. IV.

A a a

K. Rich.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle *Tyrrel*?

Tyr. The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, *Tyrrel*, soon, soon after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time — but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel 'till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

K. Rich. The son of *Clarence* have I pent up close:
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage:
The sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abraham's* bosom:
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth* my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown;
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Lord!

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my Lord; *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King!
Go muster men; my council is my shield,
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [Exit.]

(a) Bishop of Ely.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. SO now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to;
And will to *France*, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched *Marg'ret*; who comes here?

Enter Dutchess and Queen.

Queen. Ah my poor Princes! ah my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the intrails of the wolf?
Why did'st thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet son.

(a) ---- and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due, by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on *England's* lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen. Ah that thou would'st, &c.

A a a 2

Queen.

Queen. Ah that thou would'st as soon afford a grave
[*Throwing herself down upon the earth.*]

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniority;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,
If sorrow can admit society.

I had an *Edward* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a husband 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Thou had'st an *Edward* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st a *Richard* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body!

Dutch. Oh *Harry's* wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward*, he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*:
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Young *York* he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead that stab'd my *Edward*:
And the beholders of this tragic play,
Th' adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
 Only reserv'd the factor to buy souls,
 And send them thither: but at hand, at hand
 Infues his piteous and unpitied end.
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for vengeance.
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

Queen. Oh! thou did'st prophesie the time would come,
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse
 That bottell'd spider, that foul hunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune,
 I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted Queen,
 The presentation of but what I was;
 The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant;
 One heav'd on high to be hurl'd down below;
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
 A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag
 To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
 A Queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?
 Where be the bending Peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
 For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none,
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;

Having

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou now
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which, ev'n here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.

Farewel, *York's* wife, and Queen of sad mischance,
These *English* woes shall make me smile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days:
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse,
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.
[Exit Margaret.]

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys to their client-woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries,
Let them have scope, tho' what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum within.]
I hear his drum, be copious in exclams.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter King Richard and his Train.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she that might have intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his son?

Queen. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say. [*Flourish. Alarums.*]
Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and your self.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy

Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild and furious;
 Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, fly and bloody.
 What comfortable hour canst thou name,
 That ever grac'd me in thy company? ^a

K. Rich. If I be so disgracious in your sight,
 Let me march on and not offend your Grace.

Dutch. O hear me speak, for I shall never see thee.

K. Rich. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,
 E're from this war thou turn a conqueror;
 Or I with grief and extream age shall perish,
 And never look upon thy face again.
 Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
 Which, in the day of battel, tire thee more,
 Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st!
 My prayers on the adverse party fight,
 And there the little souls of *Edward's* children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
 And promise them success and victory.
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [Exit.

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
 Abides in me, I say Amen to her. [Going.

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must speak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood
 For thee to slaughter; for my daughters, *Richard*,
 They shall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens;
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O let her live,
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,

(a) ---- in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none but *Humfrey Houre*, that call'd your Grace
 To breakfast once, forth of my company.
 If I be so, &c.

Slander

Slander my self as false to *Edward's* bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy.
So she may live unscarr'd from bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not *Edward's* daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood!

Queen. To save her life I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. No, at their births good stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True; when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins?

Queen. Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling 'rest,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars;
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle Lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou devise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have; ay, and my self and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine:
So in the *Lethe* of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness do.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her *Queen of England*.

Queen. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

K. Rich. Ev'n he that makes her *Queen*, who else should be?

Queen. What, thou!

K. Rich. Even so; how think you of it?

Queen. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. With all my heart.

Queen. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave

Edward and *York*; then haply will she weep:

Therefore present to her, as sometime *Marg'ret*

Did to thy father steep in *Rutland's* blood,

A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain

The purple tide from her sweet brothers' bodies,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.

If

If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,
Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam, this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Queen. Nay then indeed she cannot chuse but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter:
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your encrease I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood:
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being King,
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home

To high promotions and great dignity.
 The King that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* brother:
 Again shall you be mother to a King;
 And all the ruins of distressful times,
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What! we have many goodly days to see.
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go,
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience,
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.
 Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
 Of golden Sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage-joys.
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.

Queen. What were I best to say, her father's brother
 Would be her Lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
 Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair *England's* peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, intreats ---

Queen. That, at her hands, which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen ---

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen.

Queen. But how long shall that title ever last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell and *Richard* like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her subject now.

Queen. But she, your subject, loaths such Sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain and not honest, is too harsh a stile.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

Now by my George, my garter, and my crown---

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath:

The George profan'd, hath lost his holy honour,

The garter blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue,

The crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world---

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death---

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then by my self.

Queen. Thy self thy self misuseth.

K. Rich. Why then, by heav'n---

Queen. Heav'n's wrong is most of all:

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,

The unity the King my husband made

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.

(a) ---- too shallow, and too quick.

Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave,

Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, &c.

If

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past:
For I my self have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.^a

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent;
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! my self, my self confound;
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours;
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest;
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding; if with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to my self and thee,
Her self, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, I must call you so,
Be the attorney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:

(a) ---- to wail it in their age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.
K. Rich. As I intend, &c.

Urge the necessity and state of times ;
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget my self to be my self?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your self.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them ;
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me shortly. [Exit Queen.]

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell ---
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast
Rides a puissant navy : to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admiral :
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of *Norfolk*,
Ratcliff, thy self, or *Catesby* ; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good Lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

Cates. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*,
When thou com'st thither ---- dull unmindful villain, [To Catesby.]
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, — bid him levy strait
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

Catesb. I go. [Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at *Salisbury*?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd —

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my Liege, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad:
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd run-a-gate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sov'reign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess.

Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of *York* is there alive, but we?
And who is *England*'s King, but great *York*'s heir?
Then tell me, what makes him upon the sea?

Stan. Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the *Welsh-man* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are

Are they not now upon the western shore?
Conducting safe the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their Sov'reign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Please it your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st fain be gone, to join with *Richmond*:
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor ever will be false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men; but leave behind
Your son *George Stanley*: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you! [*Exit Stanley.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Sov'reign, now in *Devonshire*,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edmund Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder brother,
With many more confed'rates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in arms,
And every hour still more complices
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the army of the Duke of *Buckingham* —

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him.*]

There take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.

Mef. The news I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Oh! I cry thee mercy;
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Mef. Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord *Marquiss Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The *Bretagne* navy is dispers'd, by tempest.
Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his party; he mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for *Bretagne*.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best news; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty pow'r landed at *Milford*,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away tow'ards *Salisbury*; while we reason here,
A royal battel might be won and lost:
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*; the rest march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Stan. SIR Christopher, tell *Richmond* this from me;

That in the Sty of this most bloody boar,
My son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:

If I revolt, off goes young *George's* head;

The fear of that holds off my present aid.

So get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.

Say too, the Queen hath heartily consented

He should espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter.

But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?

Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hav'rford-West* in *Wales*.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned foldier,

Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and Sir *William Stanley*,

Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,

And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew,

And many other of great name and worth:

And towards *London* do they bend their power,

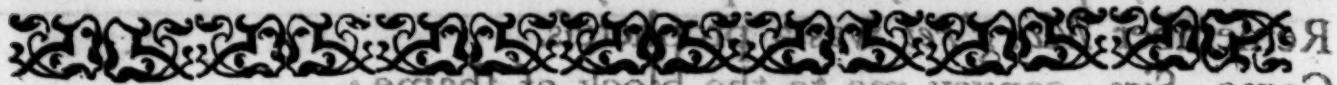
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord: I kifs his hand,

My letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewel!

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

SALISBURY.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham with halberds led to Execution.

BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King *Richard* let me speak with him?

Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck, Hastings, and Edward's children, Gray and

Rivers,

Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
 By underhand, corrupted, foul injustice!
 If that your moody, discontented souls,
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction!
 This is *All-Souls* day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my Lord.

Buck. Why then *All-Souls* day is my body's Doomsday
 This is the day, which in King *Edward's* time
 I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his children, or his wife's allies.
 This is the day wherein I wisht to fall
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
 This the determin'd respite^a of my wrongs.
 That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
 And giv'n in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.
 Thus *Marg'ret's* curse falls heavy on my head;

(a) That is, the time to which the punishment for his wrongs was respited.

When

When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,

Remember *Marg'et* was a prophetess.

Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt* Buckingham with Officers.]

SCENE II.

The Camp, near Tamworth.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with
Drum and Colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,

Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment;

And here receive we from our father *Stanley*

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

The wretched, bloody and usurping boar,

That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,

Swill'd your warm blood like wash, and made his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine

Lyes now ev'n in the centre of this Isle,

Near to the town of *Leicester*, as we learn:

From *Tamworth* thither is but one day's march.

In God's name cheerly on, courageous friends,

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,

By this one bloody tryal of sharp war.

Oxf. Ev'ry man's conscience is a thousand swords,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,

Which in his greatest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage; then in God's name march,

True hope is swift; and flies with swallow's wings,

Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. Rich. **H**ere pitch our tents, even here in *Bosworth* field.
Why how now, *Catesby*, why look'st thou so sad?

Catesb. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of *Norfolk*!

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent, here will I lye to-night,
But where to-morrow? — well, all's one for that.

Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or sev'n thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battailion trebles that account:

Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent: come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay,

For, Lords, to-morrow is a buſie day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Richm. The weary fun hath made a golden ſet,

And by the bright tract of his fiery car,

Gives ſignal of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you ſhall bear my ſtandard:

The Earl of *Pembroke* keep his regiment;

Good captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him,

And by the ſecond hour in the morning

Deſire the Earl to ſee me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good *Blunt*, before thou goeſt;

Where

Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it.

Richm. Give me some ink and paper; in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battel,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold. [*They withdraw into the tent.*]

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't a clock?

Cates. It's supper time, my Lord,
It's nine a clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy charge,
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*!

Cates. My Lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To *Stanley's* regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son *George* fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine — give me a watch — [*To Ratcliff*
Saddle

Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to-morrow:
Look that my staves be found, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff ——

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord *Northumberland*?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey*, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I'm satisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have ——
There, set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now I say.

[*Exit Ratcliff.*]

SCENE III.

Richmond's Tent.

Enter Stanley to Richmond in his Tent.

Stan. Fortune and victory fit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good:
So much for that —— The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battel early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)

With

King RICHARD III.

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With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.

But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest (being seen) thy brother tender *George*
Be executed in his father's fight.

Farewel! the leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-fundred friends should dwell upon.

God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more adieu, be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber poise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind Lords and gentlemen!

[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Richmond.]

O thou! whose captain I account my self,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries.
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
E're I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still!

[*Sleeps.*]

SCENE IV.

Between the Tents of Richard and Richmond: They sleeping.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward Son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. **L**ET me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [*To K. Rich.*
Think how thou stab'd'st me in the prime of youth
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At *Tewksbury*; therefore despair and die!
 Be cheerful, *Richmond*; for the wronged souls [To Richm.
 Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
 King *Henry's* issue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body [To K. Rich.
 By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
 Think on the *Tower*, and me; despair, and die!
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror. [To Richm.
Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be King,
 Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [To K. Rich.
 I that was wash'd to death in fulsom wine,
 Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death:
 To-morrow in the battel think on me,
 And fall thy edgless sword; despair and die!
 Thou off-spring of the house of *Lancaster*, [To Richm.
 The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee;
 Good angels guard thy battel! live and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow, [To K. Rich.
Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret*: despair, and die!

Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy soul despair. [To K. Rich.

Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
 Let fall thy lance! *Richard*, despair and die! [To K. Rich.

All. Awake, and think our wrongs in *Richard's* bosom
 Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day! [To Richm.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [To K. Rich.
 And in a bloody battel end thy days:

Think

Think on Lord *Hastings*; and despair and die!
 Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake. [To Richm.
 Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England's* sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the *Tower*:
 Let us be lead within thy bosom, *Richard*, [To K. Rich.
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
 Thy Nephews souls bid thee despair and die.

Sleep, *Richmond*, sleep in peace, and wake in joy. [To Richm.
 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
 Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne his wife.

Ghost. *Richard*, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
 That never slept a quiet hour with thee, [To K. Rich.
 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
 To-morrow in the battel think on me,
 And fall thy edgless sword: despair and die!
 Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep: [To Richm.
 Dream of success and happy victory,
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown:
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny. [To K. Rich.
 O, in the battel think on *Buckingham*,
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
 Fainting despair, despairing yield thy breath!
 I dy'd forfoke, ^a ere I could lend thee aid; [To Richm.
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

(a) This, as appears from history, was the case of the Duke of Buckingham: that being stopp'd with his army upon the banks of Severn by great deluges of rain he was deserted by his soldiers, who being in great distress, half famish'd for want of victuals, and destitute of Pay, disbanded themselves and fled.

God and good angels fight on *Richmond's* side,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride! [*The Ghosts vanish.*]

— K. Richard starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse — bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, *Jesu* — soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience! how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue — is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What? do I fear my self? there's none else by;
Is there a murth'rer here? no; yes, I am.^a
My conscience hath a thousand sev'ral tongues,
And ev'ry tongue brings in a sev'ral tale,
And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high'st degree,
Murther, stern murther in the dir'st degree,
All sev'ral sins all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying, guilty, guilty!
I shall despair: there is no creature loves me:
And if I die, no soul will pity me.^b
Methought, the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord!

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my Lord. The early village-cock

(a) — No; yes, I am:

Then fly — what, from my self? great reason; why?

Lest I revenge. What? my self on my self?

I love my self. Wherefore? for any good

That I my self have done unto my self?

O no. Alas, I rather hate my self,

For hateful deeds committed by my self.

I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thy self speak well — Fool do not flatter,

My conscience hath, &c.

(b) — no soul will pity me.

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I my self

Find in my self no pity to my self.

Methought, the souls of, &c.

Hath

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear —

Ratcliff Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of *Richard*,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me,
Under our tents; I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.*]

SCENE V.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Lords. **G**OOD morrow, *Richmond*!
Richm. I cry you mercy, Lords and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest boading dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsie head,
Have I since your departure had, my Lords.
Methought their souls whose bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried out, Victory!
I promise you my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the stroak of four.

Richm. Why then 'tis time to arm and give direction.
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,

God

God and our good cause fight upon our side,
 The pray'rs of holy saints, and wronged souls,
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
 Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
 For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant, and a homicide:
 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him.
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of *England's* chair, where he is falsely set:
 One that hath ever been God's enemy;
 Then if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You'll sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire.
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then in the name of God and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face:
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt ---
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
 God, and Saint *George*! *Richmond*, and victory!

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. Rich. **W**Hat said *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond*?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what said *Surrey* then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'th' right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the clock there --- give me a Kalendar. *[Clock strikes.*

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago ---

A black day it will be to some body. *Ratcliff!*

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lowre upon our army ---
I would these dewy tears were from the ground ---
Not shine to-day? why, what is that to me
More than to *Richmond*? for the self-same heav'n
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle --- caparison my horse.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power;
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battel shall be ordered.
My foreward battel shall be drawn in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we our self will follow

In

In the main battel, which on either side
 Shall be well winged with our chieftest horse:
 This and Saint *George* to boot. What think'st thou, *Norfolk*?

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.
 This paper found I on my tent this morning. [Giving a scrawl.

Jocky of *Norfolk*, be not so bold, [Reads.
 For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

K. Rich. A thing devised by the enemy.
 Go, gentlemen, go each man to his charge.
 Let not our babling dreams affright our souls;
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell mell,
 If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.
 What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal,
 A sort of vagabonds, rascals, run-aways,
 A scum of *Britons*, and base lackey-peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures and destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
 You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
 They would distraint the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in *Bretagne* at his mother's cost?
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of *France*,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not those bastard-*Britons*, whom our fathers
 Have

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd,
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lye with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? --- hark, I hear their drum. [*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of *England*; fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?

Mef. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son *George's* head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemy is past the marsh;
After the battel let *George Stanley* die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint *George*,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory fits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Catesby. **R**escue, my Lord of *Norfolk*, rescue, rescue:
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring, an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Catesby. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

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E e e

And

And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
 I think there be six *Richmonds* in the field,
 Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [Exeunt.

*Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight,
 Richard is slain.*

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the
 Crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends!
 The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee:
 Lo, here these long usurped royalties,
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
 Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal.
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!
 But tell me first, is young *George Stanley* living?

Stan. He is, my Lord, and safe in *Leicester* town;
 Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of note are slain on either side?

Stan. *John* Duke of *Norfolk*, *Walter* the Lord *Ferris*,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Sir William Brandon*.

Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
 Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
 That in submission will return to us.
 And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
 We will unite the White Rose and the Red.
 Smile heav'n upon this fair conjunction,
 That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
 What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd her self;
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
 The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The

The sons, compell'd, been butchers to the fire :
 O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
 The true succeeders of each royal house,
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
 And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosp'rous days !
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody days again,
 And make poor *England* weep in streams of blood !
 Let them not live to taste this land's encrease,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives agen :
 That she may long live here, God say, Amen !

[*Exeunt.*]

(a) ---- butchers to the fire :
 All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,
 Divided in their dire division.
 O now let, &c.



The sons, compell'd, been partners to the line,
 O now let Richard and Elizabeth,
 The true succeeded of each royal house,
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together;
 And let their heirs (God, if they will be so),
 Finish the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
 Avert the edge of wars, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody days again,
 And make poor England weep in tears of blood!
 Let them not live to tell this land's encrease,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
 Now civil wars and blood are spild, peace yet again;
 And the many long live here, God save them!

1917

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3. If the patient is not in the hospital, the physician should be notified by the physician's office or the patient's home.

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King HENRY VIII. Act 3. Sc. 3.

PROLOGUE

The LIFE of

H E N R Y

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E I G H T H.

PROLOGUE

There are many who say that the world is a stage,
And that we are but players in a play;
That our lives are but a dream, and that we are
But shadows on the wall of time;
That we are but a breath of air, and that we are
But a flicker of light in the night;
That we are but a drop of water in the ocean,
And that we are but a grain of sand on the beach;
That we are but a speck of dust in the universe,
And that we are but a moment in the eternity of time;
That we are but a passing show, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the grand scheme of things;
That we are but a transient being, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great chain of being;
That we are but a passing guest, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great hall of life;
That we are but a passing visitor, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great city of the world;
That we are but a passing stranger, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great land of the living;
That we are but a passing pilgrim, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great journey of the soul;
That we are but a passing traveler, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great voyage of the spirit;
That we are but a passing wanderer, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great quest of the heart;
That we are but a passing seeker, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great search for truth;
That we are but a passing explorer, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great discovery of the mind;
That we are but a passing adventurer, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great journey of the soul;
That we are but a passing traveler, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great voyage of the spirit;
That we are but a passing wanderer, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great quest of the heart;
That we are but a passing seeker, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great search for truth;
That we are but a passing explorer, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great discovery of the mind;
That we are but a passing adventurer, and that we are
But a fleeting moment in the great journey of the soul;

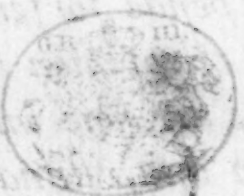
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PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We shall present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, (and so agree,
The play may pass) if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, (beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think before ye
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living: think you see them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.
Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legat.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Lord Abergavenny.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Walter Sands.
Cromwell, Servant first to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.
Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Dr. Butts, Physician to the King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Porter and his Man.
Queen Catharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards Divorc'd.
Anne Bullen, lov'd by the King, and afterwards married to him.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman of the Bed-Chamber to Queen Catharine.
Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shews. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lyes mostly in LONDON, Once at Kimbolton.

The



The LIFE of
HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door : at the other the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw y' in *France*?
Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde*:
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say

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F f f

'Till

'Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd
 To one above it self. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, 'till the last
 Made former wonders, his. To-day the *French*,
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods
 Shone down the *English*; and to-morrow they
 Made *Britain, India*: every man that stood,
 Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
 Was cry'd incomparable; and th' ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them; him in eye,
 Still him in praise; and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no discernor
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these funs,
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds, challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass, that old fabulous story
 (Being now seen possible enough) got credit;
 That ^a *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour, honesty; the tract of ev'ry thing
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view. The office did
 Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
 I mean who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

(a) The old romantic legend of *Bevis of Southampton*.

Nor. One fure, that promises no ^aelement
In fuch a bufinefs.

Buck. Pray you, who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good difcretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of *York*.

Buck. The devil fpeed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in thefe fierce vanities? I wonder
That fuch a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial fun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet furely, Sir,
There's in him ftuff that puts him to thefe ends.
For being not propt by ancestry, whole grace
Chalks fucceffors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown; neither ally'd
To eminent affiftants; but spider-like
Out of his felf-drawn web; this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that heaven gives, which for him buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let fome graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can fee his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has giv'n all before; and he begins
A new hell in himfelf.

Buck. But why the devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o'th' King, t' appoint
Who fhould attend him? *He* makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the moft part fuch
On whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay: And his own letter only

(1) No rudiment or beginning.

(The honourable board of council out)
Must fetch in him he ^a papers.

Aber. I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manners on 'em
For this great journey. What did this great vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the *French* and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke
Into a gen'ral prophesie, that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants goods at *Bourdeaux*.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like't your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes you

(a) He papers, a verb; His own letter, by his own single authority and without the concurrence of the Council, must fetch in Him whom he papers down.

Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
 The Cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together: to consider further, that
 What his high hatred would effect, wants not
 A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
 Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said,
 It reaches far; and where'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
 That I advise your shunning.

SCENE II.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse born before him, certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
 Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please
 Your Grace.

Wol. It is well, we shall then know more,
 And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
 Have not the pow'r to muzzle him, therefore best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out-worths a Noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
 Ask God for temp'rance, that's th' appliance only
 Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
 Matter against me, and his eye revil'd

Me.

Me as his abject object ; at this instant
 He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King :
 I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my Lord,
 And let your reason with your choler question
 What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
 Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
 A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him : not a man in *England*
 Can advise me, like you : be to your self
 As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
 And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
 This *Ipswich*-fellow's insolence, or proclaim
 There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;
 Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
 That it do singe your self. We may out-run
 By-violent swiftness, that which we run at ;
 And lose by over-running : know you not,
 The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? be
 Advis'd I say again, there is no *English*
 Soul stronger to direct you than your self,
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
 I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
 By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,
 Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From sincere motions, by intelligence
 And proofs as clear as founts in *July* when
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong

As

King HENRY VIII.

415

As shore of rock ---- attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't) his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally;
Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*
As here at home, suggests the King our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glafs
Did break i'th' rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir, ---- this cunning Cardinal
The articles o'th' combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd
As he cry'd, *let it be* ---- to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well ---- for worthy *Wolsey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason) *Charles* the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and *France* might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well ---- for I am sure th' Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the King's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,

And

And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish you were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

SCENE III.

*Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at arms before him, and two or three
of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure
You shall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ft part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord *Aberga'mny*, fare ye well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t' attach Lord *Montague*, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o'th' plot: no more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. *Nicholas Hopkins*?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My Lord, farewell! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Council-Chamber.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder;
the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovell; the Cardinal places himself
under the King's feet, on his right side.

King. MY life it self, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'th' level
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of *Buckingham's* in person;
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

*A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen. Usber'd by the Duke
of Norfolk, Enter the Queen, Norfolk and Suffolk; she kneels.
The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her
by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us; half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicit, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although, [To Wolsey.
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master
(Whose honour heav'n shield from soil) escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The fides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. How! taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? my Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol.

Wol. Please you, Sir, I know but of a **single part in ought** Pertains to th' state, and **front but in that file** Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord, You know no more than others: but you frame Things that are known alike, which are not **wholsome** To those which would not know them, and yet must Perforce be their acquaintance. These **exactions** (Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear'em, The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say, They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction! The nature of it, in what kind let's know Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous In tempting of your patience, but am **bolden'd** Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief Comes through commissions, which compel from each The fixth part of his substance, to be levy'd Without delay; and the pretence for this Is nam'd your wars in *France*. This makes **bold mouths**; Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze Allegiance in them; All their curses now Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass, That tractable obedience is a slave To each incensed will. I would your Highness Would give it quick consideration, for There is no primer business.

King. By my life, This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me, I have no further gone in this, than by A single voice, and that not past me but

By learned approbation of the Judges;
 If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
 My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through: we must not stint
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
 As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
 For our best act: if we stand still, in fear
 Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
 We should take root here where we sit: or sit
 State-statues only.

King. Things that are done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
 A trembling contribution!—why, we take
 From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th'timber;
 And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt
 The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission; pray look to't,
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.
 Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire
 Of the King's grace and pardon: The griev'd commons

Hardly

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

SCENE V.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many;
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so 'complish'd,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find
His hour of speech, a minute; he, my Lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear,
This was his gentleman in trust, of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
To-fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Sura. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry't so

Hardly

To

To make the scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord *Aberga'nny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please you, note
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on;
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophesie of *Nicholas Hopkins*.

King. What was that *Hopkins*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish
St. Lawrence Poultny, did of me demand
What was the speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Who (after under the confessor's seal

He

He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter) with confidence demure
Thus pausingly ensu'd; Neither the King, nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper; bid him strive
To gain the love o'th' commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern *England*. —

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o'th' tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul; I say take heed;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg'd him some design, (which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do) he answer'd, Tush,
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell's* heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? ah ha —
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blomer* —

King. I remember
Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,

To

To the *Tower*, as I thought ; I would have plaid
 The part my father meant to act upon
 Th' usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
 Made suit to come in's presence ; which if granted,
 As he made semblance of his duty he would
 Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
 And this man out of prison ?

Queen. God mend all !

King. There's something more would out of thee ; what say'st ?

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,
 He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
 Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
 Was, were he evil-us'd, he would out-go
 His father, by as much as a performance
 Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
 To sheath his knife in us : he is attach'd,
 Call him to present trial ; if he may
 Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
 Let him not seek't of us : by day and night,
 He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. I S't possible the spells of *France* should juggle
 Men into such strange mimick'ries ?

Sands. New customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our *English* Have got by the last voyage, is but meerly A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones; For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly Their very noses had been counsellors To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep state so.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it, (That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin And string-halt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my Lord, Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too, That sure they've worn out Christendom: how now? What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my Lord, I hear of none, but the new proclamation That's clap'd upon the Court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants, That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our *Monfieurs* To think an *English* Courtier may be wise, And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov. They must either (For so run the conditions) leave those remnants Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*; With all their honourable points of ignorance Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works; Abusing better men than they can be Out of a foreign wisdom, clean renouncing The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings, Short bolster'd breeches, and such types of travel, And understand again like honest men, Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it, They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away

The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lov. Ay marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the fly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down Ladies:

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going;
For sure there's no converting 'em: now, Sirs,
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held currant musick too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you a-going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord, h'as wherewithal; in him
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cham.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones: my barge stays;
Your Lordship shall along: come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your Lordship's. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

York-House.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies and gentlemen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace
L Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, then good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir *Harry Guilford*.

Sands. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

H h h 2

Lov.

Lov. O that your Lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were,
They should find easie penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easie?

Sands. As easie as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it please you sit? Sir *Harry*,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring; nay, you must not freeze:
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray sit between these Ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your Lordship. By your leave, sweet Ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said:
So now y'are fairly seated: gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you, if these fair Ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cue,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord *Sands*,

I am

I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My Lord *Sands*.

Sands. Yes, if I may make my play:
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Ser. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge, and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the *French* tongue,
And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*All arise, and tables removed.*]

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shewre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Haut-

Hautboys. Enter King and others as maskers, habited like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no *English*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[Chuse Ladies, King takes Anne Bullen.]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. *[Musick. Dance.]*

Wol. Good my Lord, ----

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much as from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it. *[Whisper.]*

Cham. I will, my Lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then:

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, Lord.

You

You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee come hither, what fair Lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen's* daughter,
(The Viscount *Rochford*,) one of her Highness' women.

King. By heaven, she's a dainty one: sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [To *Anne Bullen*.
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your Ladies every one: sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have a dozen healths
To drink to these fair Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the musick strike.

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*

ACT

A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

I GENTLEMAN.

W HITHER away so fast?
2 Gen. O Sir, God save ye:
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.

1 Gen. I'll save you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

I *Gen.* Yes indeed was I.

2 *Gen.* Pray speak, what has happen'd?

I Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2 Gen. I'm sorry for't.

1 *Gen.* So are a number more.

2 *Gen.* But pray how past it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke

Came to the Bar ; where, to his Accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd

To have brought *viva voce* to his Face ;
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Peck* his chancellor, and *John Car*
Confessor to him, with that devil monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen.

2 Gen. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not:
And so his Peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extreamly,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hafty;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first *Kildare's* attainder,
Then Deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted,
And gen'rally, who ever the King favours,
The Cardinal will find employment for,
And far enough from Court too.

2 Gen. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience

With him ten fathom deep : this Duke as much
 They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
 The Mirror of all courtesie.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipstaves before him,
 the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, ac-
 companied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Walter
 Sands, and common People, &c.*

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir,
 And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die ; yet heav'n bear witness,
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
 To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done, upon the Premises, but Justice :
 But those that fought it, I could wish more Christians ;
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em ;
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
 For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying ;
 Go with me like good Angels to my end,
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And

And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. ——— Commend me to his Grace:
And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
You met him half in heav'n: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and 'till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord high Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*.
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant; I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,
Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without tryal fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal Prince
 Restor'd to me my honours; and from ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, name, honour, life, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my tryal,
 And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose; those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people
 Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me:
 Farewel; and when you would say something sad,
 Speak how I fell—— I've done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2 Gen. If the Duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us!
 What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen.

1 Gen. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident;
You shall, Sir; did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Cath'rine?

1 Gen. But it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have out of malice
To the good Queen possess him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
Th' Arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

M*Y Lord, the horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.*

*I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.*

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my good
Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces!

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another Lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind Priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do; he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal! for now he has crackt the league

'Tween

'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce, a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most true,
These news are ev'ry where, ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The *French* King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From Princes into Pages; all mens honours
Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pinch he please.

Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him;
My Lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham.

Cham. Excuse me,
The King hath sent me other-where: besides
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your Lordships! [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who is there? ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust your selves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way,
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make you know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legat, with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King. You're welcome,
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it; my good Lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. [*To Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Nor. This Priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:

I would

I would not be so sick though, for his place :
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wol. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The tryal just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned Priest, Cardinal *Campeius*,
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loves,
You are so noble : to your Highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The Court of *Rome* commanding) you, my Lord
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men : the Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner* ?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her —
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,

Pr'ythee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My Lord of *York*, was not one doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Ev'n of your self, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envy'd him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen. [*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-Fryars*:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? but conscience, conscience ---
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE V.

An Antichamber of the Queen's Apartment.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. **N**OT for that neither—here's the pang that pinches.
His Highness liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: oh, now, after
So many courses of the fun, entron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave's a thousand-fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire, after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that quarr'ler fortune do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
As foul and body's sev'ring.

Old L. Ah poor Lady,
She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her; verily
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best Having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me I would,
 And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
 For all this spice of your hypocrisie;
 You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
 Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity
 Of your soft^a cheveril conscience would receive,
 If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth—

Old L. Yes, troth and troth; you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
 Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,
 What think you of a Dutchess? have you limbs
 To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:
 I would not be a young Count in your way,
 For more than blushing comes to: if your back
 Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
 Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a Queen
 For all the world.

Old L. In faith for little *England*—
 You'd venture an emballing: I my self
 Would for *Carnarvonshire*, though there belong'd
 No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, Ladies; what wer't worth to know
 The secret of your conf'rence?

Anne. My good Lord,

(a) Cheveril, kid-leather.

Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note is
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of *Pembroke*; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all, is nothing: for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. --- I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you. [*Exit Chamberlain.*

Anne. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: see, see,
I have been begging sixteen years in Court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could

Come

Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
 For any suit of pounds: And you, oh fate!
 A very fresh fish here, (fie, fie upon
 This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up
 Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
 There was a Lady once ('tis an old story)
 That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
 For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
 O'er-mount the lark. The Marchioness of *Pembroke*!
 A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
 No other obligation! By my life,
 That promises more thousands: honour's train
 Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time
 I know your back will bear a Dutches. Say,
 Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good Lady,
 Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
 And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
 If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
 To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence; pray do not deliver
 What here y've heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI

Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, and Cornets. Enter two *Vergers*, with short silver
 wands; next them two *Scribes* in the habits of *Doctors*: after
 them,

them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as Judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory: below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. **W**Hilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so; proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Cryer. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine Queen of England,
Come into the court.

Cryer. Catharine, Queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks;]

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,

In

In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour ought,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person; in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may

Be

Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men
Of singular integrity and learning:
Yea, the elect o'th' land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet —

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge:
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me,
Which God's dew quench! therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
 You speak not like your self, who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
 For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consist'ry of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
 The King is present; if t' be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. But if he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lyes to cure me, and the cure is to
 Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
 His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And say no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord, I am
 A simple woman, much too weak t' oppose
 Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen and pride.
 You have by fortune and his Highness' favours
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
 Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
 Your self pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual: that again
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here

Before

Before you all, appeal unto the Pope
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer. Catharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way.
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience — pray pass on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts. *[Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.]*

SCENE VII.

King. Go thy ways, *Kate*;
That man i'th' world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
And like her true nobility, she has
Carried her self tow'ards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there

Atton'd, and fully satisfy'd) if I
 Did broach this business to your Highness, or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't; or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A royal Lady, spoke one the least word,
 That might be prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like the village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
 The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
 But will you be more justify'd? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred
 The passages made tow'rds it: on my honour,
 I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point;
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention:
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
 My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By th' Bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador,
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
 Our daughter *Mary*: I th' progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean the Bishop) did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
 Whether our daughter were legitimate;
 Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
 Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,

Yea,

Yea, with a splitting power; and made to tremble
 The region of my breast, which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throng
 And prest in with this caution. First, methought
 I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had
 Commanded nature, that my Lady's womb
 (If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead; for her male-issure
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
 Well worthy the best heir o'th' world should not
 Be glad in one by me. Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Towards this remedy, whereon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience, (which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well)
 By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
 With you, my Lord of *Lincoln*; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reel,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd your self to say
 How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. Please your Highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread; that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt:

And

And did intreat your Highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no rev'rend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
(*Catharine* our Queen) before the prime creature
That's paragon o'th' world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day;
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
Sh' intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
The dilatory sloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant *Cranmer*,
Pr'ythee return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen and her Women, as at work.

QUEEN.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with troubles:
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working.

S O N G.

ORpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever rose, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near; what can be their business

With

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
 I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
 They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,
 But *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness!

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a house-wife,
 (I would be all) against the worst may happen:
 What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend Lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
 Into your private chamber; we shall give you
 The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
 Deserves a corner; would all other women
 Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
 My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
 Above a number) if my actions
 Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
 Envy and base opinion set against 'em;
 I know my life so even. If your business
 Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in;
 Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima, ---*

Queen. Good my Lord, no *Latin*;

I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
 Pray speak in *English*; here are some will thank you
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.
 Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
 May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wol. Noble Lady,

I'm sorry my integrity should breed
 (And service to his Majesty and you)

So

So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good Lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you? and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal, and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting like a good man your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
His service and his counsel. ---

Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so.
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
Let me have time and council for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit: can you think, Lords,
That any *English* man dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,

Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,
 And live a subject? nay forsooth, my friends
 They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my comforts are, far hence
 In mine own country, Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
 He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
 Both for your honour better, and your cause:
 For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
 That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
 Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
 But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 Mend 'em for shame, my Lords: is this your comfort?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched Lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,
 I have more charity. But say I warn'd ye;
 Take heed, take heed for heav'n's sake, lest at once
 The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer distraction,
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
 And all such false professors! Would you have me
 (If you have any justice, any pity,
 If ye be any thing, but churchmens habits)

Put

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already,
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my Lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this?

Cam. Your fears are worse —

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me —

Queen. Would I had never trod this *English* earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What shall become of me now! wretched Lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes? [*To her Women.*
Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,

M m m 2

That

That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good Lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake consider what you do,
How you may hurt your self, nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your virtues
With these weak womens fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware you lose't not; for us (if you please
To trust us in your business) we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and pray forgive me,
If I have us'd my self unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majesty.
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
That little thought when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Antichamber to the King's Apartment.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. IF you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, not at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of't himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.

In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish my enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord,
For I profess you have it.

Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My Amen to't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature; I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall

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In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no:

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius stoln to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cause o'th' King unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd ha! at this.

Cham. Now God incense him;
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom; soon, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. *Catharine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess dowager,
As widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, *Cromwell*,

Gave

Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. And you he bad

Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.

[Exit Cromwell]

It shall be to the Dutchess of *Alenfon*,

[Aside.]

The *French* King's sister; he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen! --- no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him, ---

There's more in it than a fair visage --- *Bullen*! ---

No, we'll no *Bullens* --- speedily I wish

To hear from *Rome* --- The Marchioness of *Pembroke*!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he hears the King

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [Aside.] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a Knight's daughter!

To be her mistress's mistress! the Queen's Queen! ---

This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,

Then out it goes --- what though I know her virtuous

And well-deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to

Our cause: --- that she should lye i'th' bosom of

Our hard-rul'd King! --- again, there is sprung up

An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one,

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Enter King reading a schedule, and Lovell.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string
The master-cord of's heart!

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how i'th' name of thrift
Does he rake this together! Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lips and starts,
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such a proud rate, it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will,
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,

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And

And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.

Wol. Heav'n forgive me ---
Ever God bless your Highness ---

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit; sure in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time;
A time to think upon the part of business
I bear i'th' state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well,
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you,
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office
I've kept you next my heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [Aside.

Sur.

Sur. The Lord increase this business! *[Aside.]*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And if you may confess it, say withal
If you are bound to us, or no? what say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces
Shower'd on me daily have been more than could
My studied purposes require; they went
Beyond all man's ambition. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities: mine own
Ends have been such that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state: For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, o'th' contrary
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profess,
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this, [*Giving him papers.*]
And after this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the Nobles throng
after him whispering and smiling.*]

S C E N E IV.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear, the story of his anger — 'tis so —
This paper has undone me — 'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And see my friends in *Rome*. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this — *To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell;
I've

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

SCENE V.

*Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl
of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine your self
To *Asher-house*, my Lord of *Winchester's*,
'Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay:

Where's your commission, Lords? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Whilst I find more than his will, or words to it,
I mean your malice, know, officious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded --- Envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace
As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have a christian warrant for 'em, and
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the King
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

I've

Wol.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud Lord, thou liest:

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law:

The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,

With thee and all thy best parts bound together,

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

You sent me Deputy for *Ireland*,

Far from his succour, from the King, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him:

Whilst your great goodnes, out of holy pity,

AbsoLv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,

I answer, is most false. The Duke by law

Found his deserts. How innocent I was

From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,

You have as little honesty as honour;

That I i'th' way of loyalty and truth

Toward the King, my ever royal master,

Dare mate a founder man than *Surrey* can be,

And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou should'st feel

My sword i'th' life-blood of thee else. My Lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?

And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,

To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,

Farewel nobility, let his Grace go forward,

And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion:
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much methinks I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my Lord, are in th' King's hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry *Guilty*, Cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those than my head; have at you.
First, that without the King's assent or knowledge
You wrought to be a Legat, by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else

To

To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
Either of King or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large commission
To *Gregory de Cassalis*, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. That you have sent innumerable sums,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' meer undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a *Præmunire*,
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
And chattels whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer

About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it, and no doubt shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

SCENE VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me!
Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good casie man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory:
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye,
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on Princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of Princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amaz'd.

Why, how now, *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no pow'r to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? nay, if You weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.

I know my self now, and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities;

A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour.

O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now methinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,

T' endure more miseries, and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,

Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God blefs him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas More* is chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden —

But he's a learned man. May he continue

Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him!

What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;

Install'd Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,

Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,

This

This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chappel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O *Cromwell*,
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell*,
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun I pray may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard: say then I taught thee;
Say, *Wolfey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in:
A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.

Mark but my fall and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 (Tho' th' image of his maker) hope to win by't?
 Love thy self last, cherish ev'n th' hearts that hate thee.
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O *Cromwell*,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
 And pr'ythee lead me in—
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience!

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell. [Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

I GENTLEMAN.

You're well met once again.

2 *Gen.* And so are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The Lady *Anne* pass from her coronation.

2 *Gen.*

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his tryal.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well; the citizens
I'm sure have shewn at full their loyal minds,
And let 'em have their right, they're ever forward
In celebration of these days with shews,
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater,
Nor I'll assure you better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
The paper in your hands?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be High Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But I beseech you what's become of *Catharine*,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the Arch-bishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at *Dunstable*, six miles
From *Amptbil*, where the Princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not appearance and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen.

2 Gen. Alas good Lady! —
The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.
[Hautboys.]

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
 2. *Then two Judges.*
 3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
 4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.]
 5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
 6. *Marquess of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of S.S.*
 7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of state, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of Marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of S.S.*
 8. *A canopy born by four of the Cinque-Ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
 9. *The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
 10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
- They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then Exeunt, with a great flouriſh of Trumpets.*

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me; theſe I know;
Who's that who bears the ſcepter?

1 Gen. Marquess Dorſet.
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. The next ſhould be
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same: High Steward.

2 Gen. And that my Lord of *Norfolk*?

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our King has all the *Indies* in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that Lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They that bear

The cloth of state above her, are four Barons

Of the *Cinque-Ports*.

2 Gen. Those men are happy, so are all are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble Lady, Dutchess of *Norfolk*.

1 Gen. It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,

And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir. Say where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the croud i'th' Abby, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled,
With the meer rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw
The ceremony?

3 Gen. I did so.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of Lords and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,

In

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
 The beauty of her person to the people.
 Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
 That ever lay by man; which when the people
 Had the full view of, such a noise arose
 As the shrowds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
 Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams
 In the old time of war, would shake the press
 And make it reel before 'em. No man living
 Could say, *This is my wife*, there, all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But pray what follow'd?

3 Gen. At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces
 Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and saint-like
 Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
 Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
 When by the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*
 Sh'ad all the royal makings of a Queen;
 As holy oil, *Edward* Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir
 With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state pac'd back again
 To *York-Place*, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. You must no more call it *York-Place*, that's past.
 For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
 'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 Gen. I know it:
 But 'tis so lately alter'd, the old name
 Is fresh about me.

2 Gen.

2 Gen. What two reverend Bishops
Were those, that went on each side of the Queen?

3 Gen. *Stokesly* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Winchester*,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary:
The other, *London*.

2 Gen. He of *Winchester*
Is held no great good lover of th' Arch-bishop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 Gen. All the land knows that:
However yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gen. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gen. *Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy friend. The King has made him master
O' th' jewel-house, and one o' th' privy-council.

2 Gen. He will deserve more.

3 Gen. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, you shall both go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there shall be my guests:
Something I can command; as I walk thither
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.

Changes to Kimbolton.

*Enter Catharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her Gentleman
Usher, and Patience her Woman.*

Grif. HOW does your Grace?

Cath. O *Griffith*, sick to death:
My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: reach a chair ----
So ---- now methinks I feel a little ease.

[*Sitting down.*
Didst

Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he slept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the stout Earl *Northumberland*
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easie roads he came to *Leicester*,
Lodg'd in the Abby; where the rev'rend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. *O father Abbot,*
An old man broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest, his faults lie bury'd with him!
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity; he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with Princes: one that by suggestion
Tyth'd all the kingdom; simony was fair play:
His own opinion was his law. I'th' Presence

He

He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Cath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle :
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and four to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely ; Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and *Oxford* ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it :
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,

To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell; whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages clad
 in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and
 golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays or palm in their
 hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain
 changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which
 the other four make reverend curtsies. Then the two that held the
 garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the
 same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her
 head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two,
 who likewise observe the same order. At which, as it were by in-
 spiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up
 her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carry-
 ing the garland with them. The musick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Cath. It is not you I call for,
 Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Cath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces

Cast

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the musick leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

Grif. She's going, wench. Pray, pray, —

Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your Grace —

Cath. You are a sawcy fellow,
Deserve we no more rev'rence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith*. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my fight fail not,
You should be Lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my Lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely

With

With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine own service to your Grace, the next
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his Princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle phyfick giv'n in time had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name be
Banish'd the Kingdom! *Patience*, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Cath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly, Madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him
Heav'n knows how dearly! my next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie) but well deserves,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

For

For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me.
If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heav'n I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

Cath. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;
And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will ---- mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord ---- *Griffith*, farewel ---- nay, *Patience*,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ----
Call in more women ---- When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour, strew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like
A Queen and daughter to a King, interr me.
I can no more ----

[*Exeunt, leading Catharine.*]

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

GARDINER.

IT'S one a clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir *Thomas*!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did, Sir *Thomas*, left him at *Primero*
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir *Thomas Lovell*; what's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: And if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you:
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this word, the Queen's in labour,
They say in great extremity, 'tis fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find

Good

Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir *Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and (sweet Lady) does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir ———
Hear me, Sir *Thomas* ——— you're a gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you wise, religious,
And let me tell you it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovell*, take't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary. Further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. The Arch-bishop
Is the King's hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that dare; and I my self have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him; indeed this very day,
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incens'd the Lords o'th' council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch-heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd
Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, he hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we must root him out. From your affairs

I hinder you too long: good night, Sir *Thomas*!

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord! I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. **C***Charles*, I will play no more to-night,
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, *Charles*,
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.

Enter Lovell.

Now, *Lovell*, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!
To pray for her! what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good Lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*;
Pr'ythee to bed, and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness

A quiet

A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night:
Well, Sir, what follows?

[*Exit* Suffolk.]

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! *Canterbury!* ----

Denny. Yea, my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true ---- where is he, *Denny?*

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.

[*Exit* Denny.]

Lov. This is about that which the Bishop spake,
I am happily come hither.

[*Aside.*

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery.

[*Lovell seemeth to stay.*

Ha! ---- I have said ---- be gone!

[*Exeunt* Lovell and Denny.]

S C E N E III.

Cran. I am much fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my Lord? you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
T'attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you rise,
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury*:
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

Q q q 2

This

This morning come before us, where I know
 You cannot with such freedom purge your self,
 But that 'till further tryal, in those charges
 Which will require your answer, you must take
 Your patience to you, and be well contented
 To make your house our *Tower*; you a brother of us,
 It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
 Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
 And am right glad to catch this good occasion
 Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
 And corn shall fly asunder. For I know
 There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
 Than I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*;
 Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
 In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,
 Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy Dame,
 What manner of man are you? my Lord, I look'd
 You would have giv'n me your petition, that
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
 Your self and your accusers; and have heard you
 Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
 The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
 If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
 Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
 What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
 How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
 Your foes are many, and not small; their practices
 Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
 The justice and the truth o'th' question carries
 The due o'th' verdict with it. At what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

To

To swear against you! such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence! or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to:
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. He has strangled [Exit Cranmer.
All language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. within. Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?

Say

Say ay, and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever blefs her! — 'tis a girl,
Promifes boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.

[*Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exit Lady.*

S C E N E IV.

Before the Council-Chamber.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. **I** Hope I'm not too late, and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? ho?
Who waits there? sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter

King HENRY VII.

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Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit Butts.*

Cran. 'Tis *Butts*,

The King's physician; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n he found not my disgrace: for certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts, I never fought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight ---

King. What's that, *Butts*?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursevants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought

They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,

At least good manners, as not thus to suffer

A man of his place and so near our favour

To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery;

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close.

We shall hear more anon. ---

SCENE

S C E N E V.

The Council.

A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord-Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table, on the left hand: A seat being left void above him, as for the Arch-bishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord-Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Arch-bishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council table.]

Chan. My good Lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdeem'd your self, and not a little:
Tow'rd the King first, and then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies,

And

And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble Lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours
The upper *Germany* can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little study) that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against
(Both in his private conscience and his place)
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
Pray heav'n the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My Lord, because we've business of more moment,
We will be short wi' you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*;

Where being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of *Winchester*, I thank you,
You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your Lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,
(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, you are a little
By your good favour too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my Lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Mens prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;

For-

Forbear for shame, my Lords.

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a prisoner;
There to remain 'till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' *Tower*, my Lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' *Tower*.

Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, Lords;
By virtue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cham. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our selves.

Nor. D'you think, my Lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,

In seeking tales and informations
 Against this man, whose honesty the devil
 And his disciples only envy at,
 Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye!

S C E N E VI.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to heav'n
 In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
 Not only good and wise, but most religious?
 One that in all obedience makes the Church
 The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen
 That holy duty of our dear respect,
 His royal self in judgment comes to hear
 The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
 To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence
 They are too thin and base to hide offences.
 To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
 But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
 Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest [*To Cranmer.*
 He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your Grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
 I thought I had men of some understanding
 And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, Lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
 This honest man, wait like a lowlie foot-boy
 At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this! did my commission

Bid

Bid ye so far forget your selves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame, my Lords. My Lord of *Canterbury*,
I have a suit which you must not deny me.
There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd spare your spoons: you
shall have

Two noble partners with you: the old Dutchess
Of *Norfolk*, and the Lady Marquesse *Dorset*.
Once more, my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heav'n
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart;
The common voice I see is verif'd

Of

Of thee, which says thus: do my Lord of *Canterbury*
 But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
 Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long
 To have this young one made a Christian.
 As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain:
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

The Palace-Yard.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; do you take
 the Court for *Paris Garden*? ye rude slaves, leave
 your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue: is this a
 place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong
 ones; these are but switches to 'em: I'll scratch your heads; you
 must be seeing christnings? do you look for ale and cakes here,
 you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
 (Unless we swept them from the door with cannons)

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
 On *May-day* morning, which will never be:
 We may as well push against *Paul's*, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
 As much as one found cudgel of four foot
 (You see the poor remainder) could distribute
 I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*, to mow
 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had a head to hit,
 either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me
 never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow,
 God save her.

Within.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy. Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this *Morefelds* to muster in? or have we some strange *Indian* with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us? blefs me! what a fry of fornication is at the door! on my christian conscience, this one christning will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brafier by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I mist the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *Clubs!* when I might see some forty truncheons draw to her succour, which were the forlorn hope of the *Strand*, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-staff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pibbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of *Tower-hill* or the limbs of *Lime-house*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two bedels that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me; what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,

As

As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters?
 These lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows?
 There's a trim rabble let in; are all these
 Your faithful friends o'th' suburbs? we shall have
 Great store of room, no doubt, left for the Ladies,
 When they pass back from th' christning?

Port. Please your Honour,
 We are but men, and what so many may do,
 Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
 An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
 If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
 By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
 Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves,
 And here ye lye baiting of bombards, when
 Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound,
 They're come already from the christening;
 Go break among the press, and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
 A *Marshalsea* shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess!

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your
 head ake.

Port. You i' th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck you o'er
 the pales else. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

The Palace.

Enter trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christning gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train born by a Lady; then follows

*lows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother, and Ladies.
The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. **H**Eav'n, from thy endless goodness send long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of *England*, fair *Elizabeth*!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners and my self thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious Lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Arch-bishop:
What is her name?

Cran. *Elizabeth*.

King. Stand up, Lord.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life!

Cran. *Amen*!

King. My noble gossips, you have been too prodigal,
I thank ye heartily: so shall this Lady,
When she has so much *English*.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heav'n still move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. *Sheba* was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this blest soul shall be. All Princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her :
 Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her :
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her ;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.
 In her days ev'ry man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
 God shall be truly known, and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but as, when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as her self ;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terrour,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
 Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
 And like a mountain cedar reach his branches
 To all the plains about him : children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of *England*,
 An aged Princess ; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
 She must, the fairs must have her yet a virgin ;
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 Unto the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O Lord Arch-bishop,

Thou'lt

Thou'lt made me now a man; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing.
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thank ye all ---- to you, my good Lord-mayor,
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords;
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day no man think
 He's as busines at his house, for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holy-day.

[*Exeunt.*]



E P I L O G U E.

TIS ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those we fear
We've frighted with our trumpets: so 'tis clear
They'll say it's naught. Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty;
Which we have not done neither; that I fear
All the expected good w'are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
(For such a one we shew'd 'em) If they smile,
And say 'twill do; I know within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.



The End of the FOURTH VOLUME.

